



United States
of Europe?

•
A Debate

PAUL P. HARRIS . . . *Here's a Job to Do!*

BRUNO FURST . . . *Remember That Name!*

The **Rotarian**

August
1946



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Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN

Talking it over

Let's Sing the Right Words!

Suggests W. A. SEAGER, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Welch, West Virginia

In visits to a great many Rotary Clubs all over the United States I have noted that in singing *America* at the beginning of the meeting, quite a fair percentage of the men butcher two lines of the number. They sing, "Land where my father died," instead of, "Land where my fathers died," and, "Land of thy Pilgrims' pride," instead of, "Land of the Pilgrims' pride." I have heard these mistakes in four out of five Clubs I have visited. Perhaps other Rotarians have too! Let's sing the right words!

Many Help at Woodeden

Points Out A. F. PENNY, *Rotarian*
Structural Facilities Manufacturer
Brantford, Ontario, Canada

In glancing through the June issue of THE ROTARIAN, I note on page 38, in the article *Hope + Help for the Handicapped*, by E. W. Palmer, an illustration of the main building at the new Woodeden Camp for crippled children near London, Ontario. This illustration bears the wording, "Woodeden, a new \$100,000 haven for the handicapped, is sponsored by the Rotary Club of London, Ontario, Canada." This statement is incorrect, since the Woodeden project is sponsored by the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, which organization draws its support from a variety of sources throughout the Province of Ontario, including a good number of service clubs other than Rotary Clubs.

While the above error is by no means a serious one, I think it is well to keep the records straight. The London Rotary Club has generously supported the Woodeden venture and the chairman of our Woodeden committee as well as the vice-chairman are both prominent members of that Club. John M. Watt, my immediate predecessor in office as president of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, has given a marvellous example of devotion to a cause in the case of this Woodeden venture and has been worthily assisted by Dudley Thompson as vice-chairman. I cannot speak too highly of the efforts of these two men and what they have done for us in this particular venture.

'Lawyers Defeat Liberties'

Says RUTH GUSTAFSON
Former Schoolteacher
Boulder, Colorado

I shall take advantage of your invitation to comment on *You, et al., Make the Shyster*, by Julius Long [THE ROTARIAN for June].

When I was a teacher, I always noticed that men in the legal profession

were members of school boards. And too frequently it seemed to me that these very men who should have supported the idea of democracy were the very ones who used their talents and training to defeat even the simplest liberties to be enjoyed by teachers.

Take, for example, the president of a board in a Western State in which I taught several years ago. He drew up a contract which not only discriminated against any married women teachers, but he also inserted in the contract a clause which would prevent the signer from criticizing the laws of the United States, of the State, of the county commissions, and of the county school board. I am sorry to say that this fellow was not only a lawyer, but also a much esteemed member of Rotary.

What I say is certainly not a secret. Even Maurice Ernst in his book *The Best Is Yet* laments that the profession best trained to lead in democratic ways is too prone to befuddle and defeat justice.

Lawyers Should Educate Clients

Says HUGO PAUTLER, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Clarkston, Washington

You, et al., Make the Shyster, by Julius Long [THE ROTARIAN for June], contains many instances taken, I believe, from actual practice in the legal profession. They are cited as evidence that the rank and file would drag our lawyers into shysterism and are to blame for it.

While taken from actual life, I don't think the lawyers should be too easily influenced. They should rather educate the clients. Other professions have to do it. I am not permitted to change a Scripture text because it doesn't happen to be palatable to the pillar of the church; a teacher in the classroom cannot lower the standards so as to be in harmony with the mothers who have a precocious child; doctors often have to talk their patients into accepting higher moral standards. Why should lawyers be an exception?

Ethical standards and convictions should ascend with education, not descend.

Lawyers Could Remove 'Detours'

Thinks LESLIE F. ROBBINS, *Rotarian*
Purchasing Agent
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

Having no legal training, I am entitled to take the characteristically uninhibited layman's crack at the profession even without the rash invitation to comment on *You, et al., Make the Shyster*, by Julius Long [THE ROTARIAN for June]. I think that the lawyers

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ought to make much faster progress in taking the ridiculous wrinkles and dilatory detours out of legal procedure. Could it be that a modicum of self-interest is slowing down the cure?

Consider this quirk: "Everybody knows" that a cancelled check is a legal receipt—except a lawyer. He will tell you that it is not necessarily so unless certain hocus-pocus appears above the endorsement on the reverse side. Now, what do the lawyers require you to do before you can get a check from an insurance company in payment of a claim? They make you sign a receipt which actually says that you have received payment, and then you wait for the said payment to arrive in the mail! You must perjure yourself or you don't get your money. But a simple check identifying the claim and bearing all the essential signatures, dates, amounts, etc., which tells the whole story clearly and concisely, has no legal status. And we think the Orientals are a strange people.

Your Honor, I object!

'Long Is Wrong'

Believes H. O. METCALFE, Rotarian Judge
Marfa, Texas

Julius Long in THE ROTARIAN for June is all wrong. He has indicted, tried, and convicted the public of being responsible for the tricks in the lawyer's trade upon wholly insufficient evidence and really in fact with no evidence. I object; and in the event my objection is overruled, I then take my exception and give notice of appeal to higher authorities.

Lincoln is credited with the statement that "there is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest." After years of experience with members of the legal profession—from the view point of both the trial lawyer and the trial judge—I have utmost confidence in the honesty, the sincerity, and the purpose of the greater percentage of lawyers. There is a very small percentage—I shall not attempt to fix definitely a figure as to this, for it is a mere matter of opinion as to the number—who are responsible for that "vague popular belief," and perhaps it is this group being tried by Julius Long. The public generally judges the profession by the conduct of this smaller group and not by that of the larger group. When a client's confidence in his attorney is shaken and when he has become a victim of the trickery of that smaller group, he yells to high heaven and the public learns that his attorney "has let

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him down." Reasoning by the process called induction, John Public says if that lawyer be crooked, then they must all be crooked; he tells his neighbor of the experience and thus it starts and spreads.

That smaller group mentioned is not made *shysters* by the public; they are inherently, by nature and by desire, quirked in their thinking. They are so greedy for gain, so desirous for profit, so eager to be a BIG SUCCESS and a BIG SHOT, so zealous of their own self-interests, so careless of the reputation of the profession, that they will do most anything to carry their point and maintain their legal positions. They resort to trickery that the average laymen and the average client would never think of and naturally could not think of. Could the bar associations eliminate this group, though few in number, the standard of the profession could and would be materially raised. . . .

'Long Is Right!'

Thinks WALTER P. STAEBLER, Rotarian Automobile Retailer
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Julius Long is right! The suppliers of service are generally more ethical than the patrons.

Do purchasers of cars who turn in used cars disclose the deficiencies in their old cars? Seldom! Their attitude is that the dealer should be all-wise. Let him beware! Even when asked if the old car consumes oil or has other defects, the purchasers' answers are usually evasive. But how they yowl if the cars purchased do not come up to their most optimistic expectations.

We hear a lot about new-car dealers giving preference to the customer who pays a bonus in addition to the regular price. What shocks us is the number of prospective purchasers who suggest paying extra for prompt delivery.

In the service department we have daily experiences with the "chiseller"—the owner who tries to get something for nothing and will make untruthful statements or exaggerated claims to support his request. The car owner who comes back to get something for nothing, because "ever since" his car was in the last time it has been performing unsatisfactorily, is well known to every garage employee. Today an owner came into our place with some difficulty with his steering gear, which he has been experiencing "ever since you worked on my car a few weeks ago." Looking up his service file we found out it was more than four months since he had been in last. He had driven nearly 5,000 miles since then and the work previously performed was on the motor and had nothing to do with a "loose" steering gear. He was a prominent professional man.

'Chain Reaction' and Rotary

Analyzed by A. L. RICKE, Rotarian Control Manufacturer
Freeport, Illinois

In his *Atomic Power for Peace* [THE ROTARIAN for July], Samuel K. Allison considers the matter of "chain reaction" and the amount [Continued on page 53]

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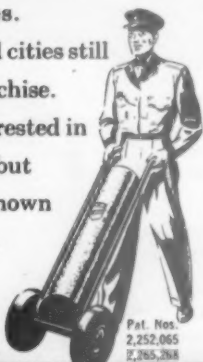
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Origin of Rotary Mottos

A LITTLE LESSON IN ROTARY

THROUGH Rotary, men have been given a practical technique for realizing the ideal of understanding and goodwill—a technique which is perhaps best described by the phrases "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" and "Service above Self."

The first and longer of these was first used by a Chicago, Illinois, Rotarian, Arthur Frederick Sheldon, president of a school for salesmanship. At the closing banquet of the first Rotary Convention (Chicago, 1910) he used those words in the course of an address.

A year later, at the second Convention (Portland, Oregon), he submitted an address as his report as Chairman of the Business Methods Committee of the National Association of Rotary Clubs, in which he again used the phrase "He profits most who serves best." The Convention added these words as the concluding paragraph of a statement or "platform" of Rotary which had been adopted by the Convention.

Several years later the phrase "Service above Self" was introduced, and the two expressions were united in 1916 to form the motto used by Rotary today. Since then stationery and literature published by Rotary International have carried the two phrases in combination.

Although "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" has come to be almost an integral part of Rotary, the expression is not the property of Rotary International. Its use was merely permitted by Rotarian Sheldon and his school, so no steps have been taken by Rotary International to restrict its use. There has been no Convention or Board action recognizing either "Service above Self" or "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" as a Rotary motto or slogan.

However, a Resolution was rejected in 1929 (at the Dallas, Texas, Convention) proposing to discontinue the latter expression. Discontinuance was asked on the grounds that "it does not truly and correctly interpret the ethical aims and objects of Rotary International and it is liable to create misconceptions in the minds of some of its members, and of the public."

In recommending rejection of the Resolution, the Resolutions Committee stated that "too much value attaches to this motto throughout the world to abolish it without replacing it with something better. No substitute has been offered."

There are frequent difficulties of translation of the motto into some languages, as the word "profit" is often misconstrued.

A TRAVES de Rotary se ha dado a los hombres una técnica práctica para cumplir el ideal de comprensión y buena voluntad—una técnica que quizá se describe mejor en las frases "Se beneficia más el que sirve mejor" y "Dar de sí antes de pensar en sí".

La primera y más larga de estas frases la empleó originalmente un rotario de Chicago, Arturo Federico Sheldon, director de una escuela de vendedores. En el banquete de clausura de la primera convención rotaria (Chicago, 1910) incluyó las palabras citadas en un discurso.

Un año después, en la segunda convención (Portland, Oregon, E. U. A.), pronunció otro discurso como informe suyo en su calidad de presidente del comité de prácticas comerciales de la Asociación Nacional de Rotary Clubs, en que volvió a emplear la frase "Se beneficia más el que sirve mejor". La convención añadió estas palabras, como el párrafo final, en una declaración o "programa" de Rotary que había aprobado la aludida convención.

Varios años más tarde surgió la frase "Dar de sí antes de pensar en sí", y las dos expresiones se juntaron en 1916 para formar el lema empleado hoy por Rotary. Desde entonces, en la papelería de Rotary International y en la literatura publicada por la organización han figurado las dos mencionadas frases combinadas.

Aunque "Se beneficia más el que sirve mejor" ha venido a ser casi parte integral de Rotary, la expresión no es propiedad de Rotary International. El rotario Sheldon y su escuela se limitaron a permitir su uso, y de ahí que Rotary no haya dado ningún paso para restringir el empleo de la frase. No ha habido acuerdo de convención ni de junta directiva en que se reconozcan oficialmente como lemas de Rotary las repetidas frases "Dar de sí antes de pensar en sí" ni "Se beneficia más el que sirve mejor".

Sin embargo, se desechó una resolución en 1929 (en la convención de Dallas, Tejas, E. U. A.) en que se proponía dejar de emplear la última de dichas expresiones. Se pedía lo anterior alegando que "no interpreta fiel y correctamente las aspiraciones y fines morales de Rotary International y se presta a crear falsas impresiones en las mentes de algunos rotarios y del público".

Al recomendar que se rechazara la resolución, el comité de resoluciones manifestó que "se da un gran valor a este lema en el mundo entero para abolirlo sin reemplazarlo con algo mejor. No se ha sugerido nada que lo substituya."

Suelen presentarse dificultades para traducir el lema a algunos idiomas ya que la palabra "profit" (beneficiar) se interpreta erróneamente con alguna frecuencia.

If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

AUGUST, 1946

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Presenting This Month

DIRECTOR of the Institute of Radiobiology and Biophysics at the University of Chicago, RAYMOND E. ZIRKLE came to the campus in 1942 to work on a metallurgy project, and was appointed to the staff last Fall. His most important research project has been on the biological action of ionizing radiation.



Zirkle

Once the possessor of a weak memory, BRUNO FURST has been described as "the best all-round mental athlete of the century." A professional mnemonist, he operates a memory-training school in New York, writes and lectures on the memory. He fled his native Germany when Hitler came to power.



Tresidder

DONALD B. TRESIDDER, a native of Indiana, has been president of Stanford University since 1943. He saw service in World War I, rising from aviation cadet to second lieutenant.

AMOS BURG holds a classification probably unique in all Rotary—that of "explorer"—in the Rotary Club of Portland, Oregon. He does his exploring with camera in hand, and has frequently had his pictorial reports published in *The National Geographic Magazine*.



Marquardt

Philippine-born, FREDERIC S. MARQUARDT is foreign news editor of the *Chicago Sun*. He went to The Philippines as head of the Office of War Information in the Southwest Pacific, and was responsible for publishing the first newspaper after the liberation of Manila.

Our cover, themed to the gardening hobby of many Rotarians, is one of the last camera studies by the late JOHN KABEL, distinguished American photographer.

—THE CHAIRMEN

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Summer Sunlight ▲ ▲ ▲ A Woodcut by E. W. Bartlett

Why I Dare Hope for the Future

By Donald B. Tresidder

President, Stanford University

It is because democracies are training new crops of leaders who can weigh values and act quickly.

TODAY the world presents a grim picture. Every human and natural resource and all forms of accumulated wealth have for several years been devoted unreservedly to waging war on a scale hitherto unknown. Victory for the Allies has not allayed our fears for the future, nor solved the staggering problems which face conqueror and conquered alike. Whole cities must be rebuilt. Helpless millions must be fed. Vast industries must be converted to peacetime pursuits.

The trend of events since V-J Day—which we celebrated just a year ago this month—is deeply disquieting. The military power of my own particular nation is disintegrating as a result of precipitate demobilization, and the position of that nation as a world leader is deteriorating. The industrial strife and disunity which plague us are strongly reminiscent of the dreadful years which followed World War I.

Although the times are critical there is no occasion for hopeless despair. After such an exhausting war we can expect to be menaced by the consequences for many a long year. Every citizen needs to put his full weight on the side of unity, tolerance, and strict adherence to moral principles.

In every thoughtful person's mind is a dreadful doubt: can nations learn to live together in peace, or in the end will civilization destroy itself by a succession of annihilating wars? This question transcends every other problem in the world. We must permit no discouragement, no temporary failure, to weaken our determination to secure an equitable and enduring peace.

In this undertaking every citizen has a part to play. The mature man of age can contribute wisdom, wide experience, and tolerant judgment. We look to youth for boldness, for the spirit of adventure and willingness to depart

from the patterns of the past. There is also a place for the dreamers—men of great imagination and abiding faith who believe that human nature can change for the better.

One of our best-based hopes is the returning serviceman and the generation of which he is a symbol. As a university president watching a steady stream of youngsters passing back and forth, I have developed a profound respect for their latent abilities and the soundness of their character. It is up to us to provide them now with leadership which by its wisdom, tolerance, and self-restraint encourages their belief in people and their ability to govern themselves justly.

Those of us who were in Germany before the war noted the program of fascism with respect to youth. We saw the little boy at 7 given his wooden dagger with the words "blood and honor." We saw the 12-year-old boy and girl leave home for work camp. We saw at the highest educational level university students assemble by the thousands to approve enthusiastically the Nazi idea.

The effects of this sort of philosophy upon youth were brought home to me in 1936 when I attended a famous international ski meet in Europe. The course was a sheet of glare ice. In the steepest part the course passed through a narrow lane of trees, leaving little room to maneuver. Below, where the course flattened out, was a series of uneven bumps. Rocks and stumps and chunks of ice were exposed. The course looked murderous.

The first man, a European lad,

came down at an incredible speed. He finished with a fractured thigh and a badly injured back. The news was flashed to the runners waiting at the top: "Fritz took it straight." No other runner would now dare do less, regardless of consequences. Seven men in succession attempted to run the course straight. Each emerged with at least a broken bone. Some of the injuries were critical.

It was now time for America's runner, Dick Durrance. Here he came, checking and turning, running very fast, but obviously under control. Germans along the course yelled disparagingly, "Schuss! Schuss!" But Durrance could not be taunted into losing his head. Although he was America's finest runner, he did not finish among the first ten. Seeking to comfort him as he tramped up the trail, I said, "Good boy, Dick. I was afraid you'd try it straight." His reply came without hesitation: "Why, that was just another ski race. I'm going back to finish college and can't afford to break my legs."

TO DURRANCE, skiing was a sport, not a life-or-death venture for the honor of a fatherland. Yet on scores of battlefields since 1939, we have seen how bravely boys reared in the democratic tradition of independent thinking and judgment could fight and die. And now, as the millions return to us, we see them determined to seize each opportunity—or to make opportunities where none exist.

In such youths and in the system that made them rests my faith for the future.

Guest **E**ditorial 

A United States of Europe?

More than a year has passed since shooting stopped, yet no peace treaty has been written. One key reason is the disagreement on the future of Western Germany. France's viewpoint, discussed last month by André Ganem, is here countered by an anti-Nazi German, whose proposal, in turn, is opposed in this debate-of-the-month by a Czech.—Eds.

YES!—It Will Cure Europe's Ancient Ills

Says Gerhart H. Seger

German Editor, Author, and Lecturer

THE security which France is asking is not for herself alone. World War II has shown that peace is indivisible and that the German menace, as in the past, applies not only to Germany's closest neighbors, but to the world at large." With that statement—in which this writer concurs—M. André Ganem suggests as a solution to the security problem:

1. The return of the Saar basin to France.
2. The creation of a "Germanic State" of the Rhineland subject to continuous Allied occupation.
3. The formation of an "international State" containing the Ruhr basin, established as a neutral political entity entirely independent of Germany and subject to an international political and economic control.

These proposals, shared by many French people, seek to set up a burglar-alarm system in Western Europe so that never again could a Hitler arise. But they would fail. To make the Rhineland a separate Province under everlasting Allied occupation and to cut the heart out of the rest of Germany by creating a Ruhr State would tend eventually to revive that immature German nationalism which helped Hitler to power. And economic exchange between the Ruhr and other parts of Germany, as proposed, would not prevent abuse of Germany's industrial capacity, for even steel exported in such innocent forms as rails could eventually be transformed into munitions.

France properly seeks security, but in seeking a lasting peace for Europe, we must also think of Russia's apprehensions. Recall that Hitler's rise to power and the rebirth of German militarism were made possible by the failure of the Allies to carry out the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. And why wasn't Germany disarmed and forced to stay disarmed? One reason was the attitude of certain political forces in France and England who looked upon the German *Reichswehr* as a possible bulwark against bolshevization of Europe. Today Russia remembers her cities and lands razed by invading German armies. She also seeks security.

So does the rest of Europe—and I return to M. Ganem's phrase: *Peace is indivisible*. It cannot be secured by industrial control of the Ruhr alone; all of Germany should be controlled, not by the Allies of World War II, but by the Security Council of the United Nations. Consideration of the Ruhr problem opens up the broader one of European security which can be solidly based only in European unity. It is high time that Europe rids itself of outdated nationalist passions. And this is the time to start by laying the groundwork for a future United States of Europe!

No human being on earth has enough power of persuasion to do this by saying to the European nations: "Now look here: enough

of this internal strife; be good neighbors, renounce some of your sovereignty, and join a European Federation!" The psychological obstacles to such a direct approach are insurmountable. But where the direct method fails, the indirect way of introducing a European unification might prove the better one: coming in with a European plan through the economic back door.

German coal and iron ore are needed in a large part of Europe. The entire Ruhr basin could be made the beginning of a European economic unity by organizing a European company, formed by all Continental European countries delegating Government, management, and labor representatives. The Scandinavian countries, The Netherlands, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, later perhaps Spain, and, if Russian opposition does not prevent it, the Balkan countries could be represented.

The Ruhr Company would thus become the first European adventure to be undertaken jointly—it might very well prove so attractive that other arrangements tending toward a European customs union would follow. If the European nations experience a sufficiently long and worth-while period of economic coöperation, political *rapprochement* is bound to ensue. Economic exchange would inevitably lead to cultural exchange; when custom barriers fall, intercontinental traffic would increase, and closer human relations would do the rest in preparing for the development of a European feeling of belonging together.

All pessimists will point to the deep-seated nationalist traditions in most of the European countries. They can best be answered by referring to the already existing nucleus of a United States of Europe: Switzerland.

There is no such thing as a Swiss people or a Swiss language: 71 percent of the Swiss population are purely German and speak Ger-

man; 21 percent are French and speak French; 8 percent are Italian and speak Italian. Switzerland is quite different from the multinational United States of America, but because of that difference it is a much better example for a United States of Europe. If one were to point to the United States of America and say: "Just as the English, the Irish, the Germans, and all the many other nationalities making up the United States population could melt so successfully into the great American nation, why should it be impossible in Europe?" the answer would be



A RECENT prosecution witness at the Nuremberg trials, Gerhart H. Seger has been, in turn, an editor, a member of Germany's Reichstag, a Nazi prisoner, a U. S. citizen.

that on the American Continent the European nationals started afresh. It would be foolish to expect that the old, tradition-laden European Continent could ever become such a melting pot. But Switzerland is not a melting pot. The German and French part of Switzerland are easily distinguishable; in fact, the line between the two sections can be drawn with chalk on the road. Basel and Berne are German cities like Munich and Stuttgart; Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, are as French as Lyon or Marseille; the Italian Canton of the Tessino is as Italian as any of the Northern Italian Provinces south of the Swiss Alps.

Yet all three nationalities in Switzerland, rarely intermarrying and each jealously maintaining its language, its national peculiarities, temperament, customs, and habits, live peaceably together in the oldest democracy in Europe. True, the smallness as well as the

geographical location and character of the country has something to do with it. Nevertheless, it does prove that there is nothing in the so-called "nature" of Germanic and Latin peoples in Europe which would prevent them forever from living together in peace. At the same time, Switzerland shows that a unification of Europe does not necessarily mean the extinction of national characteristics, so dear to these nations steeped in millennial history.

The Charter of the United Nations, in praiseworthy contrast to the old League of Nations Covenant, recognizes the desirability of continental subdivisions, such as, for instance, the Pan American Union. Within the United Nations, the British Commonwealth, the Soviet Union, the Pan American Union, and a European Federation could do much to have peculiar continental problems solved in the subdivision which each represents. But still more important would a European Federation be to Soviet Russia.

Assuming that Russia's European policy is aimed at obtaining security from aggression across her western border, a United States of Europe is Russia's best bet to get it. By virtue of the very fact that a United States of Europe would consist of various nationalities, there is no danger whatsoever of developing a new nationalism, such as Napoleon's or Hitler's, threatening Russia with another aggression. Again Switzerland's example serves well: its age-honored neutrality is inseparable from its tri-national democracy.

A United States of Europe, very likely to be prosperous as an economic unity in place of the present wasteful European economic chaos, would be very unlikely to develop a desire to attack Soviet Russia. In fact, unless Stalin wants to be another Alexander and conquer the world altogether, Russia should be the strongest advocate of a United States of Europe, even including those countries in the eastern part of Europe which Russia, understandably so, has at present drawn into her orbit. The balance-of-power policy on the European Continent, so long pursued by England, was shown to be the cause of wars, or

at least facilitated them, rather than being a means of maintaining peace. With her avowed stark realism, her willingness to do the unorthodox, Russia might be persuaded to help establish a United States of Europe.

In the long run it would be the best solution for France too. She cannot expect to regain the position of a big power as the equal of Russia or the United States of America. Her entirely justified longing for a secure position on the European Continent could not possibly be fulfilled better than by a United States of Europe in



BEFORE coming to the U. S. in 1931, Hans Kohn resided in Czechoslovakia and the Middle East. He authored many books on nationalism, now teaches at Smith College.

which, by her very greatness in spiritual and intellectual accomplishments, France would be the leading force in many respects.

Opponents of a United States of Europe might say that the Germans, numerically stronger than the French and because of inherent inclination to assert themselves, would dominate the new federation. Once more the Swiss example settles it: 71 percent of the Swiss population are German and do not dominate the country; a future constitutional assembly of a United States of Europe would do well to study the Swiss method of combining per capita representation of the population with a system of equal sharing of all three nationalities, irrespective of difference in number, in the affairs of the country. Besides, it is simply not true that the Germans are lost forever: at the last census 5 million Americans gave German as their native language, and in

the United States they have become good democrats, with a small "d." Wherever Germans live in a genuine democracy they have proved themselves just as adaptable to it as other nationalities; a United States of Europe would not be incapable of absorbing the German population.

No doubt we shall have a long way to go until a United States of Europe can be created. But the immediately pressing matters to be taken care of in the forthcoming peace treaties should all be

dealt with in a fashion which at least will not render a European unification impossible; on the contrary, we should pave the way for it. With this goal in mind, we should work out the solution of the security problem, the Rhine and Ruhr question, the control of Germany in view of Europe as a whole rather than France alone: "The security which France is asking is not for herself alone . . . peace is indivisible."

Peace will be with us if we make Europe indivisible as well.

of their mutual fertilization and interplay arose in the course of centuries what we call modern civilization. Certain nations contributed distinctively in fields of their own: England in the development of liberty and of political institutions; France in the letters and law; Germany in philosophy and music; Italy in the arts; but smaller nations can point with equal pride to Grotius and Camoëns, to Comenius and Ibsen, as master builders of the common European heritage.

For there is a common European civilization. It was shaped by the great common experiences of Western and Central Europe: the Roman heritage, the Western church, the flowering of the universities in the later Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation—they form a common foundation for European civilization. Yet this civilization has in no way the uniformity of American civilization, which in reality is a national offspring of a European (the English) civilization developing under the favorable conditions of a new and vast land. European civilization is nationally diversified. In spite of the underlying unity, English civilization and way of life are deeply different from those of Germany, those of Sweden from those of Spain. There is no European melting pot nor would such a melting pot be desirable. It could be only imposed by some despotic coordination. Whether such a coordination comes from Berlin or from Moscow, it would be equally objectionable to Europe. It might bring unity, but it would destroy that liberty and diversity which have been the essence of Europe.

World War II brought with it not a lessening of nationalism in Europe, but its feverish excitement. The German attempt to create a united Europe was defeated by the nationalism of the European peoples. It is in the name of nationalism that the European peoples resist the imposition of communism from Moscow, even though the Communist parties in all European countries have adopted a nationalistic program and have become the mouthpiece of nationalistic demands. Only in countries where the "Russian orientation" corresponds to

no!—But Let the Nations Collaborate

Replies Hans Kohn

Czechoslovakian Author and Historian

WORLD WAR II was started by Germany allegedly to "save" Europe from the influence of non-European powers and to consolidate the Continent for the defense of its own culture. It ended not only with the desirable destruction of Germany's power, but also with a lamentable and unprecedented collapse of Europe. For 1,000 years the small European Continent has been the heart and brain of mankind and during the last centuries has spread its influence and civilization all over the earth. The 19th Century saw Europe at the height of world influence. Potentially even today Europe could lead mankind: in numbers, in accumulated skill, in organizational capacity, it still surpasses by far all other agglomerations of power though it may be inferior to them in space and in natural resources. Naturally, many Europeans look forward to a unification of Europe, a United States of Europe, as a way to the reassertion of European influence and power in the world.

Often the analogy of the United States of America is adduced to strengthen the argument for a United States of Europe. In reality, no such analogy exists. The U.S.A. is one nation, though it is composed of people of various stocks. These people came to the western shores of the Atlantic with the intention not of continuing their old nationality, but of merging into a new nationality,

held together by common language, by a common tradition—which was accepted by the newcomers—and by a common loyalty.

No European nationalism of that kind exists.

On the contrary, Europe is the classical continent of conflicting nationalisms. Nowhere has nationalism struck such deep roots and assumed such ferocious forms as in Europe. Nowhere is it burdened with so many bitter memories of alleged or real wrongs of the past nor inspired by so many proud monuments of a truly or legendary great past. In the narrow space of Europe, with populations and loyalties intermingling, nationalities have fought during centuries for frontiers and territories. Nationalism carries in Europe even a more emotional character than in other continents: rational considerations unfortunately do not prevail against the power and appeal of nationalism. Rationally a United States of Europe might be desirable and possible; in the welter of excited emotions and long-inherited fears and hopes it will find an overwhelming obstacle.

Yet nationalism in Europe has a positive side too. The unique intellectual wealth and strength of the small European Continent have been based upon its great variety of form and aspirations. Each of the European nationalities contributed its own ways: out

the traditional nationalistic outlook, as in Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, Russian influence is genuinely strong. Thus even communism, which started as an internationalist ideology, had more and more to take the strength of nationalism into consideration. Today, for purposes of propaganda and power, it plays the tunes of nationalism and of internationalism with equal virtuosity, depending on the circumstances.

A United States of Europe seems today rather distant. Soviet Russia has repeatedly declared her opposition to a united Europe which would form a powerful barrier to Russian expansion in the West. Sometimes Russian spokesmen motivate that opposition by the fear of aggression on the part of Europe against Russia. Such a fear appears unfounded; the strength of pro-Russian sentiment among many of the western Slavs and the influence of the Communist parties in Europe would render aggressive plans of Europe against Russia improbable, even if we overlook the pacific character of free peoples. But a united Europe certainly would keep Russia within her borders, and so endanger the fulfillment of Russia's mission. There is at present no possibility of overriding Russia's veto, which is supported by some European States and movements, even should all others desire a United States of Europe. But this is highly improbable.

During the war there were some suggestions for a Scandinavian union, for a closer collaboration of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, nations of great affinity of language, tradition, and civilization; yet when World War II was over, these aspirations for closer collaboration disappeared. There is today less agitation for a Scandinavian union than there was in the middle of the 19th Century. The centrifugal forces in Europe seem to have lost in vitality in the last decades.

Though a United States of Europe may be out of the realm of practical politics not only for the present, but for the immediate future, nevertheless a closer collaboration among the European nations is most desirable; it would be a potent factor for the survival of

that European civilization on which the progress of mankind has depended for so long.

The closer collaboration among the European nations will take various forms: the creation of larger economic units, the abolition of travel restrictions, the coördination of means of communication, the intensification of cultural contacts and exchanges. There will be no program for Europe as a whole. There will be various beginnings among nations with whom geographic proximity, economic interests, and cultural affinity favor such a development. In some cases the collaboration may be so close as to lead to an actual fusion of these nations, the birth of a new federation which might become the nucleus for a wider federation.

That such a step is not impos-

in power, speaking authoritatively for the nation when it proposed to the French Government that "at this most fateful moment in the history of the modern world the Governments of the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defense of justice and freedom. The two Governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations but one Franco-British union. The constitution of the union will provide for joint organs of defense, foreign, financial, and economic policies."

With a very slight majority the French Cabinet rejected the union. If it had been accepted, there in the midst of unprecedented danger and war, a new beginning would have been made, the ulti-



NATIONALISM shattered Europe into many States with conflicting interests. Here is an English 1935 view of the resultant problem. It is aptly titled "Hell's Kitchen."

sible was shown in the most critical hour of modern history when Britain stood alone in the defense of human liberty. Then in June, 1940, Britain again assumed the leadership of progressive mankind, not only by her defense of the Empire on the Nile and at the Channel, but by pointing the positive path to a rebuilding of mankind. In an unprecedented step, Britain offered France a union of the two realms. It was typically Churchillian prophetic foresight and moral daring. It was not the wishful program of a private association or of isolated intellectuals. It was the offer of a Government

mate effect of which upon liberty and peace, not only of the two nations involved, would have been incalculable. The continuing danger in which the peace and liberties of Europe find themselves after the end of the actual hostilities against Germany may again prompt some statesmen of vision and some nations of high courage toward union. Such a union could become a rallying point for the preservation of European liberty and European civilization. From it all European nations would profit, even should a United States of Europe be impossible in the foreseeable future.

Here Is a Job to Do, Mr. Rotarian!



It's the task of giving your town dreams of a city beautiful... then sparking efforts to realize them.

By
**Paul P.
Harris**

*Founder and President Emeritus,
Rotary International*

NOT infrequently I am asked for suggestions as to suitable community activities for Rotary Clubs. Of course, the Secretariat of Rotary International dispenses much information on this subject and many pictorial reports appear in *THE ROTARIAN*. Rotary Clubs have acquitted themselves creditably in thousands of activities suited to their fancies or local needs. Much ingenuity has been manifested, and it may be said that Rotary Clubs have proved themselves both research laboratories and testing grounds of new ideas to the glory of Rotary throughout the world.

If, however, my friends want to know what activity would be my personal choice, I best can make answer by recalling what happened in Chicago at about the time of Rotary's birth, which was 1905. Chicago had already demonstrated itself a miracle-working city. Its slogan was "I Will." It had dug itself out of the ashes of the most devastating fire in the history of the country. It had taken the big Chicago River by the nose, turned it in its tracks, and headed it down the Mississippi River valley toward the Gulf of Mexico, so that it would not longer pollute Lake Michigan, whence came the city's drinking water.

Of all that might be said of the Chicago River, none could contend that it lacked character. In some

respects it was the most colorful of all rivers. It enjoyed, for instance, the reputation of being the first river in history to have caught fire. The accumulation of fats and oils from the stock yards on the surface of the river made the feat possible. A careless smoker had thrown a cigarette stub into what he supposed to be the water of the Chicago River with that disastrous result.

A reporter from a New York paper was sent to Chicago to investigate that interesting phenomenon. He reported that the Chicago River was neither a liquid nor a solid, it was not thin enough to drink nor thick enough to make pancakes of; it was much like old-fashioned Mulligatawney soup. But all this was of little interest to Chicagoans. Their complaint was that the citizens were dying by the score of typhoid fever as a result of the pollution of the water supply from the big lake.

The danger of the river again burning was soon abated. Enterprising citizens realized that a great opportunity had presented itself, that the fats and oils on the surface of the river were really of value. They organized a company to skim the fats from the surface and this lucrative business continued until eventually the stock yards began to redeem their own oils and fats. But in the heyday of the Chicago River, stock-yard

odors were frequently carried by the wind clear across the city to residence districts on the North Side. Experienced Chicagoans could smell their way about town.

The World's Fair of 1893 with its popular White City had awakened an interest in architectural beauty throughout the country, but Chicago still remained an unsightly and malodorous city and might have remained so indefinitely had it not been for the imagination in the minds of two Chicago citizens: Edward Butler, of Butler Brothers, a wholesale drygoods firm, and Frederick Delano, president of the Wabash Railroad.

Both were members of the exclusive Commercial Club. To the members of that organization they presented their Plan with its illustrations of what Chicago then was and of the Chicago which might be. The Club was taken by storm and immediately set about to make the dream of a beautiful city come true. At about this time a young man from the country by the name of Charles D. Norton was made president of the Commercial Club and threw himself heart and soul into the project.

The Club employed Daniel H. Burnham, Chicago's most gifted architect, to make the plans for the building of a beautiful city. That was the genesis of Chicago's now famous City Beautiful Plan. The transformation could not be made in a day nor in a decade; it had required a century to rebuild Paris on Baron Haussmann's plan.

Chicago has taken nearly half a century to accomplish what it has achieved to date. Twenty continuous miles of park, playgrounds, and bathing beaches now adorn the water front. Even the Chicago River, having been converted from its homicidal ways and baptized in the tide of pure blue water flowing in from Lake Michigan, has been assigned a stellar rôle in this drama of urban existence.

Chicago's position as one of the most beautiful of all American cities is now acknowledged at

home and abroad. And the vision came to two hard-headed businessmen. Often the far-reaching effect of a great idea in the mind of a man gifted with imagination is astounding. It was so with Mr. Butler and Mr. Delano—and Daniel Burnham, he who said: "Make no little plans for they have no magic to stir men's blood."

President William McKinley persuaded Daniel Burnham to go to Manila and give that city a City Beautiful Plan suited to its needs. This project at Manila, having been completed, Daniel Burnham was induced to render the same service for Baguio far up in the mountains, the city in which residents of Manila take refuge from the sweltering heat and humidity during the Summer months.

From that time on throughout the remainder of his life, Daniel

of Rio played a creditable part. God gave Chicago its peerless water front and the City Beautiful Plan preserves it for the people.

After Daniel Burnham's work was done, the realization of the remainder of the City Beautiful Plan was turned over to the city of Chicago and a commission was headed until his death by the devoted Charles Wacker. It is from him that Wacker Drive—the double-deck street facing the Chicago River on which the Central Offices of Rotary's Secretariat are located—takes its name.

Chicago's idea is to work the Burnham dream out gradually, as circumstances dictate. No public improvement is considered unless it is reconcilable with the Plan. Great universities, schools of technology, institutes of art, music, and other forms of culture have been lured to America's

Midwest metropolis by its City Beautiful Plan and the assurance that future developments are not to be hit or miss, but will be in conformity with a permanent fixed program conceived for the benefit of all citizens, rich and poor, high and low. This is the story of Americans, just as noteworthy achievements of Englishmen or men of other countries might be related.

Has your town a City Beautiful Plan, Mr. Rotarian? No? What a pity! It would engage the interest of every man, woman, and child in your community. No town can be too large, none can be too small, to realize benefits from a City Beautiful Plan.

What a noble thing it would be if the Rotary Clubs of 70 countries where our movement is established would create a wave of enthusiasm for the beautifying of cities throughout the world!



Photos: (all above) Acme; (right) American Airlines

A VIEW of Chicago—the metropolis cited by the author as a city with a plan. Because such men as (left to right) Edward B. Butler, Frederic A. Delano, and Daniel H. Burnham "made no little plans," the Windy City now has such beauties as a lake-front park system, partially visible here, that extends for 20 miles.

Burnham received calls from all parts of the world to adapt the City Beautiful Plan to local needs. Even other Chicago architects profited from Chicago's reputation. The brilliant Frank Lloyd Wright was called to Tokyo to build that city's Imperial Hotel and Walter Burley Griffin was asked by the Australian Government to plan the new Federal capital at Canberra. Walter Burley Griffin not only planned the city, but also put the plan into execution, with the result that Canberra is considered by many authorities the world's best-planned capital city.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." The vision of the two hard-headed Chicago businessmen has inspired many cities of different countries to recognize beauty as a prime essential to the better life. They have a saying in Buenos Aires: "God made Rio de Janeiro beautiful, but we made Buenos Aires beautiful," which is measurably true, but the citizens



Inside San Quentin Prison:

SOME years ago, when Clinton Duffy was a clerk in the warden's office at San Quentin Prison, an order came across his desk charging demerits against a man with a flawless behavior record.

"What's this about Johnny?" Duffy asked another official. "He's never been in a jam before."

"Yeah, but he is now. He made a picture frame for himself in the shop."

"A picture frame! Is that all?"

"Sure. But you know it's against the rules to make anything on the State's time, even a toothpick."

Yes, Clint Duffy knew it. He knew prisoners were not paid for their regular work. He knew they could never earn a living inside the walls and send money home. And he knew California laws blocked them from using the State's machinery or material in their spare time, whether for fun or for profit. So Johnny was punished and became bitter and rebellious. Clinton Duffy never forgot the incident, and especially did he remember it when appointed warden some years later.



BORN in San Quentin, Rotarian Clinton Duffy was delivered to his career. Son of a guard, son-in-law of another, he runs the world's largest prison, is youngest warden.

Today, as a result of the ex-clerk's one-man lobby, the State laws have been changed and San Quentin has a hobby factory that is probably the most unusual industry in the world. It keeps 1,000 men busy, does an annual cash business that will eventually top the \$100,000 mark.

San Quentin's hobby plant, touched with a magic wand of hope and ambition, has grown in five years from a simple workbench to a production line that has more than \$10,000 worth of fine machine tools and makes 1,000 different products. It was a powerful factor in giving San Quentin a \$700,000 top place in penitentiary war-bond sales. During the war it turned out thousands of model planes for armed-services training, trinkets for G. I. traders in the South Pacific, and tricky regulation wallets for merchant seamen. Now reconverted, the hobby shop has resumed full production of fine merchandise, toys for children, and other incidentals.

More important, it has proved that hobbies can pay off in cash and self-respect, at no cost to the taxpayer. It has rehabilitated hundreds of forgotten men, prepared them to step outside the gates with a going business instead of a mere \$25 from the State, pulled their families out of debt, and squared obligations they had no hope of wiping out.

As Duffy puts it: "A man feels good when he can make something with his hands. If he can sell it, that's better yet."

In some ways it was really Bill Yuhas who was responsible for the actual birth of the program.

Bill was as hard as an old artery, and when he came to San Quentin at the age of 19, he already had a record studded with spectacular crimes. Bill broke virtually all the rules, spent most of his time in solitary confinement, and was soon known as the prison's "bad boy." Duffy quietly began to study this defiant youngster and,

among other things, discovered that he was using hot water and acetone stolen from the dental laboratory to make clumsy rings from old toothbrush handles. Further, he was furtively selling the rings to other inmates, even using them in lieu of money for gambling. Duffy said nothing to the boy, but went to San Francisco and called on several hotel managers.

"Do any of your guests ever leave toothbrushes in their rooms?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," the first manager said. "Lots of them."

"Good. Can I have them?"

"Certainly. You running a little short?"

Duffy laughed. "No. These won't be used on teeth. I need them for a lost soul."

When Duffy had accumulated a pile of discarded brushes, all with colored plastic handles, he put them in a box with some chemicals and tools he had paid for himself, and called on Bill Yuhas.

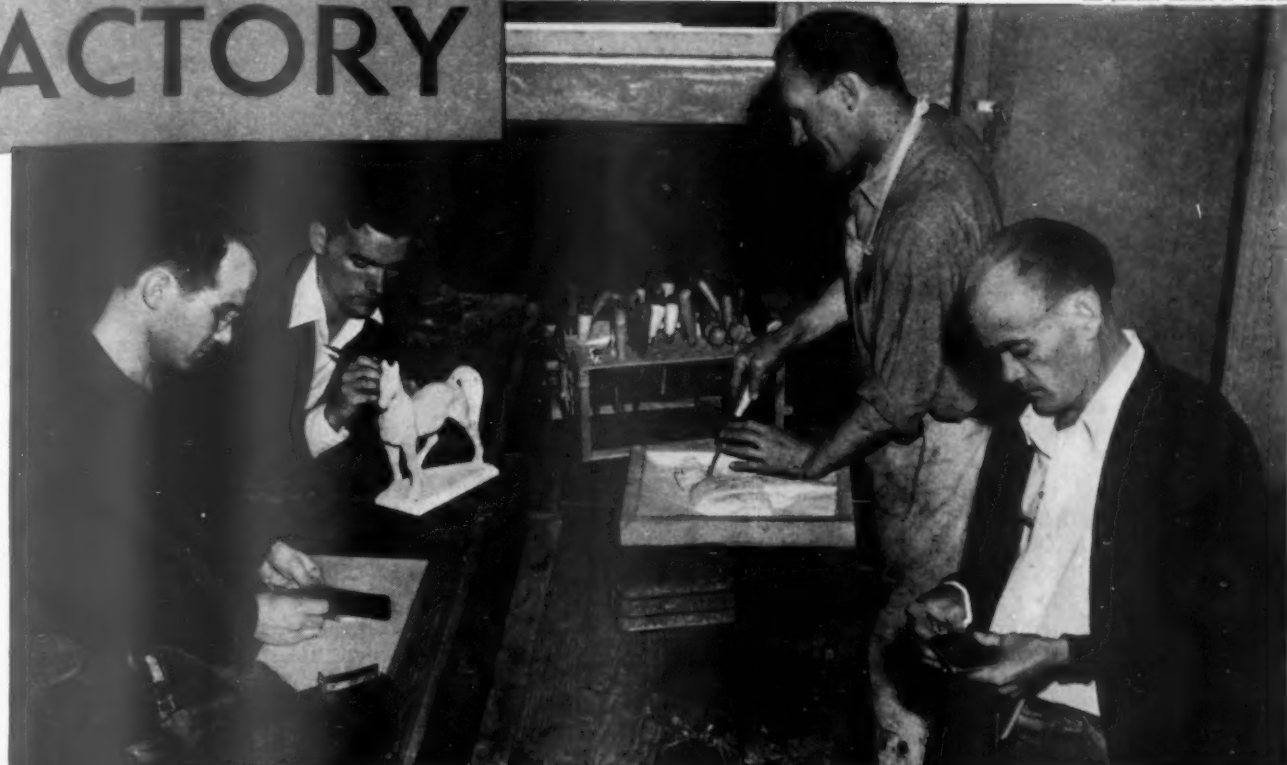
"If you'll play ball with me, Bill," the warden said, "you can make all the rings you want."

The boy accepted the gift sullenly, and Duffy let him alone. But out of that visit emerged San Quentin's first private industry. The product: beautiful plastic rings, brooches, and other ornaments. The artist: ex-bad boy Bill Yuhas.

Bill soon had a prodigious output, and insisted that Duffy take most of his rings to give away. The warden used to carry a pocketful of samples whenever he left the reservation, gave them away to friends, and confided where they could buy more. There was such a demand for these unique rings that Bill began to take volume orders. Working far into the night, he executed his proudest commissions—hundreds of rings for men in the armed forces, who used them to trade with natives in the South Pacific. Bill would never take a dime for this work, but subsequent sales to civilians

FACTORY

All photos: Robert J. Warren



for FORGOTTEN MEN

By Dean Jennings

gave him a \$2,000 savings account in two years. He is a free man with a fine record now, running a little shop in southern California, and in his spare time teaching his plastic arts to wounded soldiers at Army hospitals.

Bill's work was the first link in a chain that soon reached into the California State Legislature.

Duffy, who has the persistence of a termite and whose Irish charm is just as potent, badgered his local Assemblyman to write a law legalizing hobby work and sales at the prison. He popped up in committee rooms in the State Capitol; he knocked on sacred doors. Even some politicians who feared howls about competition from convicts yielded to Duffy's fervent pleas. "Duffy's Folly," as the bill at first was known, passed without opposition and Governor Olsen signed the 100-word measure, one of the shortest laws in

California history, on May 29, 1941. Just 24 hours later Warden Duffy officially launched the San Quentin Hobby Association.

The men had no instruction books on woodworking, leather craft, painting, or any other arts, or any special material. Duffy borrowed the books at the public library and dipped into his own pocket to buy materials. He ripped out partitions in an old building and set up a place for them to work. There were no tools, but some of the men bought a few with their savings and the rest were borrowed from the jute mill and other prison shops. Instructors? Duffy found them at near-by schools and colleges—trained men who succumbed to his enthusiasm and volunteered their time.

It was a curious crew of students that signed up for those first fumbling classes. There were forgers, burglars, alcoholics, and men "doing the book," as lifers are

known. They were young and old, trained and untrained. But every one of them was itching to do something constructive with his hands.

One of the most eager was one Dock Nix, then about 50 years old.

"Warden, I've got some ideas," he said, "but not a dime to my name. Could you get me a big block of softwood?"

"I'll try," Duffy promised.

He drove into near-by San Rafael, bought a massive chunk of pine for \$7.60, and brought it back to Nix. With that first piece Nix carved an exquisite bas-relief of Will Rogers astride a horse and gave it to Duffy for his private office. He used the left-over wood for salad servers, ash trays, plates, and other articles which promptly sold. In his first year of work Nix's wood sculptures were sold to visiting customers from coast to coast, and he saved \$1,500. Before he was transferred to another

institution and paroled, Nix donated a statue for a San Francisco war-bond sale.

"You know," Duffy said proudly, "that statue sold for \$150,000 in bonds. Dock couldn't keep the tears out of his eyes when I told him."

Because he knows men and human nature, Duffy established strict rules to protect the earnings of the workers in the hobby plant. Ten percent of the money from each sale is deducted for the Association and used to pay a manager's salary and to buy new equipment, supplies, and textbooks for the shops. Another 20 percent is placed in escrow for the inmate and cannot be touched until he leaves San Quentin. The remainder is credited to the individual's cash account at the prison and is available whenever he wants it.

Thousands of dollars have been sent home by the men, and many a family has paid off long-standing bills with earnings from the hobby shops. Scores of the member artisans have piled up \$1,000 in savings accounts, enough to get them started in business when they leave the prison. Several have from \$1,500 to \$2,000, and a Negro artist, William ("Buffalo") Mitchell, salted away close to \$3,000 in profits from his hand-painted greeting cards. Only Clint Duffy knows what the men have stored up in courage and in their hopes of making good in the outside world.

When the hobby-plant income reached \$1,000 a month, Duffy and Alfred G. Rowan, the prison's educational supervisor, installed a retail store in the main reception room. The shop has a cash register, glass display counters, and well-filled shelves. The eager salesmen are all inmates who, thanks to Duffy's knowledge of human nature, are allowed to wear white shirts and ties. The store is managed by an inmate, and on visiting days he and his helpers are busy with prospective customers lined up three deep. Often among the visiting groups are members of near-by Rotary Clubs who have come to see the work that Warden Duffy and his men are doing. He himself is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Mill Valley, California,

and on days when he entertains Rotarians, they have luncheon with him in the prison officers' dining room. Mail orders, which come from all 48 States, Hawaii, Alaska, Australia, and even far-away England, are handled by another crew of inmates in the main shops.

The workers in this remarkable factory, who fashion their products in the evening after working an eight-hour day for the State, are humble and abashed by their success. Indeed, when they are approached by such celebrated customers as Eleanor Roosevelt,



MAKING seamen's wallets was a wartime hobby of many. Some get enough cash and know-how to launch their own businesses.

Edward G. Robinson, Grace Moore, Lewis Lawes, Leo Carrillo, Ann Sheridan, and others who come to San Quentin, they are apt to refuse money for their wares.

There is something contagious in the intensity with which these men seek to find their place in the world. More than one visitor leaving the prison finds himself loaded down with toy dogs, wallets, paintings, cribbage boards, pipes, small rugs, and other articles he had no intention of buying. But no stranger has ever challenged the professional quality of the products, and expert craftsmen frequently offer to donate materials, tools, and their services as teachers.

Every week, despite a prison rule that prevents sale of these products in commercial establishments, or even purchase for re-

sale, enterprising merchants from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and other cities attempt to purchase the entire stock. The inmate clerks also observe, with mingled irony and satisfaction, that sheriffs, detectives, and other officers of the law are probably their steadiest customers. Almost invariably, arriving with a new prisoner, they depart with their favorite item—hand-tooled leather gun holsters.

When Army officers were searching for camouflage artists, they came to San Quentin on a routine visit. Strolling around the prison hospital, the administration headquarters, and other buildings on the huge reservation, they noticed hundreds of beautiful murals on the walls. There were paintings of all the great railroad trains in history; there were life-size works illustrating Bible stories. There were ships, planes, landscapes, buildings—covering every available inch of bare wall space.

"That's wonderful stuff!" one of the officers exclaimed. "How big is your staff of artists?"

Duffy grinned. "I haven't any staff. Every one of those murals was done by one man. He wanted to give this place some beauty, even though he knew he could never take his work off the walls."

The officer nodded thoughtfully. "We need men with that kind of guts," he said. "We'll take him."

So Ray Colyar, a great artist behind walls, went over to an Army post on special parole, using his brush for camouflage work—so that other men might live. Colyar is still in the service, and his fine record has earned him a full parole effective this year.

Today, going into its sixth year, San Quentin's hobby plant has long since outgrown its original small quarters. New workers with good records are starting their training every day and there is a long waiting list. The shop now produces some 50,000 items a year, and every single one is made by the men in their spare time, with their own funds. Most of the profit goes to their families, much of it has been invested in savings bonds. Duffy adds with pardonable pride that during the war these same men donated more blood [Continued on page 59]



Illustrations by Derso and Kelen

Drama at Hunter College

On-the-spot word-sketch of the second UN Economic and Social Council meeting (May and June), held in New York City.

By Walter D. Head

Rotary "Observer" at United Nations Economic and Social Council Meeting



A HANDY way of keeping straight on the United Nations organization is to remember that it has six so-called "principal organs." In THE ROTARIAN of September, 1945, they are charted:



Sir Ramaswami

General Assembly; Security Council; Economic and Social Council; Trusteeship Council; the Court of Justice; the Secretariat.

The following article continues THE ROTARIAN's series of reports on what these various bodies do.—Eds.

LOCATION: Hunter College in the northern part of the Bronx, New York City. Fine, modern buildings preëmpted for temporary use by the United Nations.

STAGE SETTING: A comfortable, air-conditioned modern auditorium. On the stage, 18 desks shaped in a form of a hollow crescent. On each desk a placard giving a name of the country whose representative will occupy that desk. On the left, viewed from the audience, is a representative of Argentina. On the extreme right, a representative of Yugoslavia. In between are Belgium, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, India, Lebanon, Norway, Peru, the Ukraine, U.S.S.R., United Kingdom, and the United States. It looks for all the world like a miniature International Assembly of Rotary. In the foreground, the table for translators.

CAST OF CHARACTERS: In number, 18; the chairman, Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, from India, a smart and able presiding officer with a useful and well-timed sense

of humor. All speeches, long or short, are translated into English and French when necessary.

THE SCENE OPENS: Sir Ramaswami calls the meeting to order.

"Among the subjects which are to be discussed by this Economic and Social Council are the reports of the Commission on Human Rights; the report of the Economic and Employment Commission; the proper handling of displaced persons and refugees; reconstruction of devastated areas; relationship between the Council and the International Labor Organization; status of women; control of narcotics; regulation of world transportation and communication.

"On many of these topics committees or commissions have been at work for weeks and months and



P. C. Chang

have prepared reports which, although not complete, because of limited time, will nevertheless provide us with ample material for study and discussion. We will now proceed to take up the report of the Commission on Human Rights. On this occasion we have invited Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, chairman of this committee, to submit her report and comment on it."

Mrs. Roosevelt: "I herewith present the report of the Commission on Human Rights and shall, so far as I am able, be glad to answer questions on it."

The presentation of the report took an entire morning and the question period was continued in the afternoon.

At the conclusion—Sir Rama-

swami: "The subject matter presented so ably by Mrs. Roosevelt is most suggestive. Human rights are fundamental to all we are doing here. We receive this report with deep appreciation and suggest that it be referred back to the Commission for further study. In the meantime, our members will familiarize themselves more thoroughly with its contents and we will be prepared at a later session to make recommendations for implementing it.

"We will next take up the report for international health presented by Dr. P. C. Chang, of China, its chairman.

Dr. Chang presents a report of some 60 pages of which the most significant sentence is, "Sickness in any part of the world is the concern of every other part of the world."

Sir Ramaswami: "Dr. Chang, we thank you for your very informative report and for the splendid efforts of which it gives evidence. However, because the Council has not had time to study this report in detail, we will, at the present time, limit ourselves to commend-



Fiorello La Guardia



Philip Noel-Baker

ing you and the other members of your commission and instruct you to kindly continue your study and make a further report at a later date."

Carlos Davila, representative of Chile: "Mr. Chairman, the subjects

which have come before this Council have been so vast and so new in their character as to raise the question as to how much progress we can expect to make by our present method of procedure.

"At our London meeting we, as you pointed out, appointed many committees to deal with these important subjects. They have presented their report and you have properly commended them, but we have so far taken little or no action. Why? Because we are only in the beginning steps of our activities. What do we do? We then refer them to a new committee or refer them back for further study. This is, I presume inevitable, but, Mr. Chairman, I am getting confused. You realize we have appointed no less than 30 committees and commissions and I ask your permission to introduce a motion to appoint still another committee, the 31st, and that this be a committee on committees! In a word, Mr. Chairman, unless we get some over-all plan and are able to follow a definite method of procedure, we shall be, I fear, in a state of confusion worse confounded."

Sir Ramaswami: "Thank you, Carlos Davila. I recognize the Honorable Philip Noel-Baker, representative of the United Kingdom."

Mr. Noel-Baker: "Mr. Chairman, I would like to commend the remarks from our associate from Chile. Like him, I am appalled at the collection of international animals we have called into being."

Sir Ramaswami: "The chair will take note of what both you gentlemen have said and will attempt to make a plan for rationalizing the work of the commission. The chair now recognizes the Honorable Fiorello La Guardia, president of UNRRA. Mr. La Guardia is here by our invitation in the capacity of special counsel or ad-

visor. He wishes to make some remarks in connection with the report of the commissions on refugees and displaced persons."

Mr. La Guardia: "Mr. Chairman, there are at the present time 837,000 displaced persons and refugees being cared for in refugee camps under the direction of UNRRA in Europe. UNRRA expires on December 31, 1946. It may, of course, be extended, but no order of that effect has been received up to this date. What is going to happen to these thousands of miserable hungry beings after that time? The only body that I can think of that can be charged with their care is this Economic and Social Council and that is why I am here today. This problem is a tragic one. These poor people represent a tremendous stock pile of human misery. Hundreds of thousands of them were ruthlessly taken from their homes and driven into exile. Thousands died en route and many of those who did not die wished they had. Among them are at least 10,000 children who have no family, no home, no future unless one is worked out by this body or some committee appointed by it.

"These people don't need more advice. They are already over-advised. They do not need more sympathy. What they need is practical help. They cannot eat resolutions. In my opinion it is the duty of every country in the world to take some of these refugees and see to it they get a new start in life. I refer, of course, to those who do not wish to go home and of these there are many. Brazil has offered to take 100,000 Poles. This is the only country I know of who has made any practical offer in terms of long-range effective help. The problem is a new one from the point of view of history. There is no pattern by which you can proceed, but you have it squarely in your laps and you must be prepared to solve it between now and next December. These people will not vanish into thin air. If they are kept in their present camps, they will in time become unemployable. The situa-



Mrs. Roosevelt

tion calls not for more talk, but for action. What are you going to do?"

Sir Ramaswami: "We thank you, Mr. La Guardia, for your very important remarks. You are right: we must do something, but first we must agree on the general principles laid down in the report of our commission. After that we will proceed to a definite plan to meet the tragic situation which you have so ably presented to us."

CONCLUSION: In one of the plays most popular in New York at present, one of the characters steps to the front of the stage from time to time to philosophize on the action which has taken place up to that point. Following his example, this Rotary "observer" at the meetings of the ESC comments:

These men are in deadly earnest. Their faces, their voices, and reactions give abundant proof of that. They are men of character and ability. They have been described as the conscience of the world. They are indeed living proof of the fact that the human race for the first time in all history recognizes the responsibility of the people, for the people everywhere. They represent hope to thousands into whose lives its rays have never reached. They show evidence that they understand what is meant by the preamble of the Constitution of UNESCO in which it is stated, "Wars begin in the minds of men," and they know that men's minds become warped and distorted unless they and those near and dear to them are able to live lives freed from want and fear.

The problems which these men are attacking are so numerous, so complex, and so new that it will take years to reach a solution of most of them. They are fundamental, however, and they must be solved before we can have a world to live in. The fact that they are even recognized as world problems is most encouraging.

They are providing an affirmative answer to the age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"



Carlos Davila

With Charlie Down The Snake



The 'Charlie' is a Rotarian whom you know. The Snake—well, it's a river you wouldn't care to.

By Amos Burg

Explorer and Rotarian

FOR 15 years I tried to find a gap in Charlie Wheeler's busy schedule to take him on a river voyage. En route home from a year of exploration in South America, I stopped off in Bingham Canyon, Utah, to see Dr. Russell G. Frazier to determine what could be done to remedy the situation.

Doc had served as Admiral Richard E. Byrd's physician in Antarctica. Running rivers is his chief hobby—as it is mine. Nothing delights us more than to launch a boat at the base of a melting snow bed in the Rocky Mountains where a river is being born and to navigate its canyons and valleys down to the sea. And the rougher the river, the more we like it.

Doc and I conspired—easily. We would take Charlie Wheeler on a wild ride down America's deepest chasm, Hells Canyon of the Snake River.

We wired Charlie about it in San Francisco. His reply? Sure! He'd drop the operation of 70

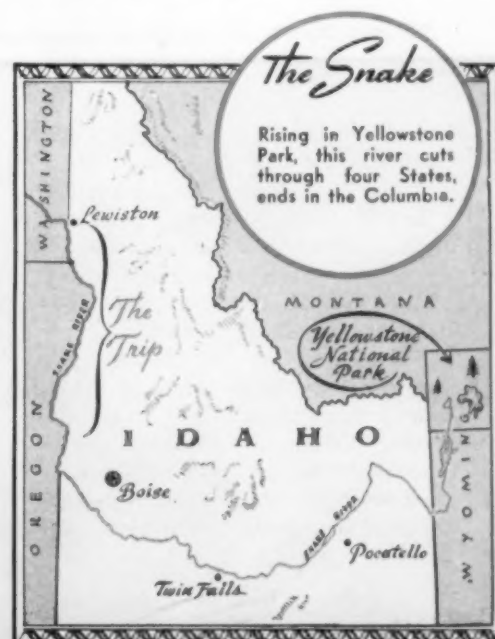
steamships and a couple of saw-mills for a few days. Another wire plucked a kindred soul, Alexander Paterson, out of Seattle, Washington. A week later we four pitched our camp on the banks of the Snake River at Huntington, Oregon, inflated our rubber boats, and stowed our gear.

And studied maps. The Snake has gouged out a 600-mile course through a lava plateau from its source at 10,000 feet elevation in Yellowstone National Park. At this point where we were, it turned northward into a series of great canyons threading the mountain wildernesses between Oregon and Idaho for 187 miles to Lewiston, Idaho, where it swung westward for its junction with the mighty Columbia. Just 75 miles downstream from us thundered rapid-filled Hells Canyon, the deepest river canyon in North America and second only to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for dangerous river voyaging.

A buzzing rattlesnake was the first denizen of the wild we en-

countered. It objected audibly when Charlie almost sat down on its head. Charlie, who always takes the romantic view of such things, saw that the rattler's tongue was forked and challenged me to shoot off the left prong. I compromised by blasting off its head.

Next morning we had the incomparable thrill of embarking our three rubber boats in the swift-flowing current and bobbing over the rollicking waves of Whiskey Rapids a mile below camp. Charlie, who had turned his executive ability to bossing two rather unwieldy oars, remarked enthusiastically, "There's something in





SPORTING a sombrero he found in a deserted cabin, Charlie Wheeler entertains visitors at a town in Oregon. . . . Later he cleans trout—a mess of 68 TIME C

this voyaging; it gets a fellow."

We passed down over Shoofly and Bayhorse Rapids and pulled in at Home 20 miles below to wait for Pat and Doc, who had fallen behind. They finally arrived both riding in Pat's tiny 6-foot *Junior* and towing *Patches*, Doc's 12-foot boat, whose rotten canvas pontoon covering had ripped in the strain of descending Bayhorse. That afternoon while Doc repaired *Patches*, the rest of us caught 35 large trout and shot six pheasants. Doc had to eat with one hand at dinner because he had unwittingly cemented his right arm into the pontoon while repairing it. We would extricate him by and by.

Below Home we purchased a badly designed 14-foot wooden boat from a ferryman for Doc and put Charlie in command of *Patches*. I took the lead in the 16-foot flagship flying the 111th field expedition flag of the Explorers Club of New York, and Pat trailed astern of the flotilla in *Junior* with a justified unhappy expression on his face. In swift rapids, *Junior* was a combination

shower bath and bucking broncho.

For two days we swept downstream toward Hells Canyon between brown, treeless, rolling ranges. The population density in this hospitable cattle country is only four persons per square mile. Visitors and events stand out in bold relief for years in the minds of these people. Old-timers whom I met on my last river expedition would pick up the threads of conversation with, "As I was saying to you 15 years ago. . . ."

The voyage was relaxing Charlie's nerves and he was now able to sleep for hours without rearing up in his sleeping bag and unconsciously reaching for a telephone to call Bombay or Capetown. While exploring a deserted cabin he discovered a ten-gallon hat whose crown had been holed by moths. Charlie contended they were bullet holes and ever after on the voyage wore the sombrero with all the jauntiness of a Billy the Kid.

The rapids grew more violent below Wildhorse Creek. My rôle as lead in the flagship was to flag

down the flotilla if the rapids out-matched the equipment. But the exhilaration was too much for Pat and Charlie; they jubilantly raced ahead and smack into some heavy cross-breakers caused by two currents meeting at the foot of Eagle Island.

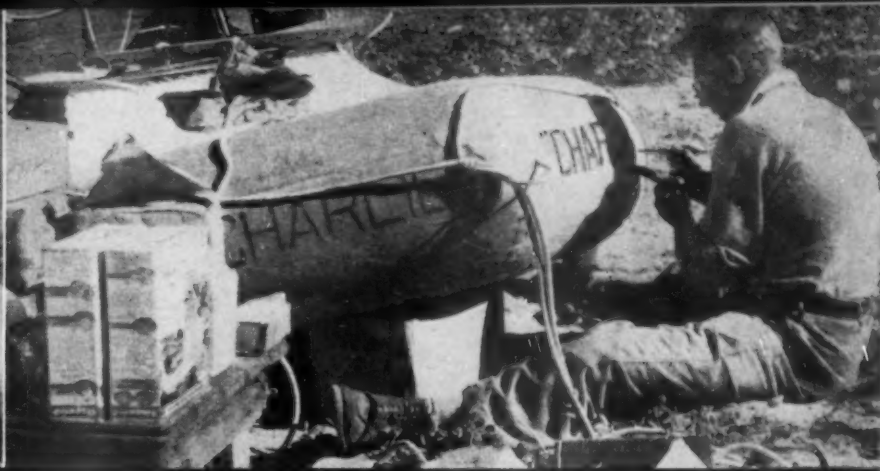
Junior bucked like an outlaw—and I glimpsed Pat's feet jutting skyward out of the water. When I saw Pat again, he was sitting on a rock ashore shivering in his underwear minus his glasses. I had warned the fellows to lash everything to their boats, but had neglected to tell Pat to lash his glasses to his ears.

Soon we faced Hells Canyon. The Snake, muttering ominously, plunged over Kinney Creek Rapids into the narrow abyss cut through the volcanic masses of the Wallowa and Seven Devils Ranges. Ruptured, black lava walls sprawled higher and higher above us in splendid and lonely desolation.

Our imaginations were stirred by the beauty and isolation of this magnificent canyon. Since the two

PAT and "Doc" Frazier line a boat around Squaw Creek Rapids. Where the pounding waters threaten to smash the craft, the voyagers skirt them. IN THE





TIME OUT for Charlie to patch his life preserver and for "Pat" Paterson to repaint the flagship's name. The Charlie "did" the Grand Canyon in '38.

old men who had set themselves up in the hermit business at Squaw and Steamboat Creeks had died, the 24-mile length of this mile-deep gorge had been uninhabited. With no roads or trails leading into its pristine depths, with rapids like snarling dragons barring the entrance through the narrow, basalt defiles, Hells Canyon might have been lifted from the pages of *Lost Horizon*.

Lugging boats and equipment up and down huge slippery greenstone and granite boulders to get around cataracts was hard work and dangerous. Portages at Squaw and Buck Creeks seemed even more hazardous than working our way down the river. Here our life preservers, worn at all times on the water, protected our ribs when we skidded and hit the rocks with a jolting thud. The toil and the warm September sun raised a sweat and we were glad frequently to refresh ourselves from the cool mountain streams that poured into the Snake.

By the time we arrived at 32-Point Rapids, Charlie's battered

command had almost gone to pieces. Here, too, Doc's boat, which was a poor design for rapid running, broke away while Doc was lining her. A raging current snatched the craft and pitched her over the rocks. At the foot of 32-Point Rapids we found her badly wrecked, but bandaged the broken hull with socks and towels.

What was left of our once proud flotilla pulled up at the mouth of Steamboat Creek in the heart of Hells Canyon. The companionable isolation and beauty of this gigantic canyon are incomparable. Although we had already used six of our nine budgeted days, we decided to tarry here a full day, tasting exquisite moments of perfect peace that comes only in such wilderness solitude. While Doc glued *Patches* together, Pat with sticks of driftwood and bent, rusty nails rebuilt *Junior's* crushed wooden hull. Meanwhile, Charlie lifted 64 native trout from Steamboat Creek. All the while we gazed in wonderment at the sprawling canyon walls through a thin blue haze that reminded me

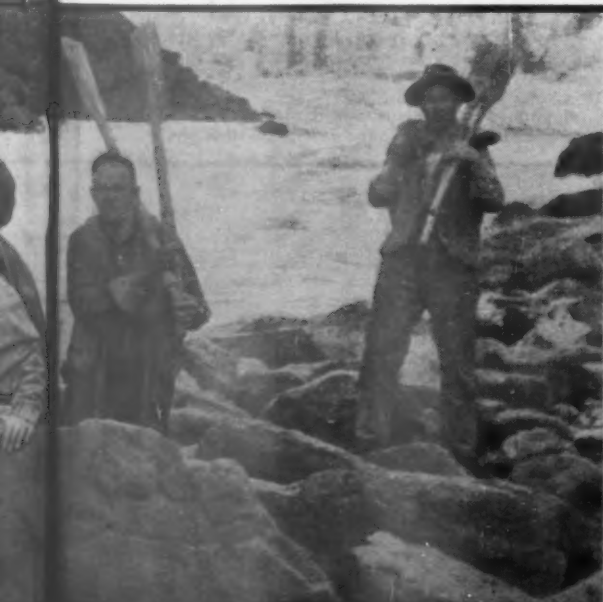
of paintings by Maxwell Parrish.

Our menus were now a guessing game. The labels had been washed off the cans in the constant soakings, so the cook would hold a can up to his ear and shake it and probably say, "This sounds like spaghetti." He'd then open the can and find it was peach cobbler or spinach. Generally the clairvoyant was Charlie, whose culinary skill made up for his bad guessing that gave us a series of peach cobbler, then an unbroken string of spaghetti dishes.

That night at Steamboat Creek, Charlie decided to lighten the load in the overcrowded flagship. At first his keep and throw-away piles were equal in size. Then the keep-pile began to grow as Charlie's sorting hands reverently touched the various objects that had served him on his canyon voyage. Finally the throw-away pile had dwindled to a pack of cards. When we embarked the next morning, I noticed the cards too were gone.

We felt tense and excited as we pushed out into the powerful

IN THE DEPTHS of Hells Canyon the crew starts a long portage—an operation which barks shins and bruises backs, but which leaves you your life.





VICTORY! The tortures of Hells Canyon behind them, Pat, Charlie, and Doc wave their ensign in triumph. Next item on the agenda—a bath. That ensign, by the way, is the 111th flag of the Explorers Club of New York, of which Doc and Author Burg are members.

breakers of Steamboat rapid. Pat and I descended first in the flagship, Charlie next in *Patches*, with Doc in the driftwood reconversion job trailing. The current carried us around a mile-long sweeping bend with breakers all the way. It was in this stretch that a railroad survey party lost all its boats and equipment in the '20s. Where the rapid ends at Deep Creek, we saw a cross on a bar marking the grave of a luckless voyager.

The canyon depths below Deep Creek even excelled the savage grandeur above Steamboat. Canyon walls rose dizzily more than a mile straight up, exceeding in depth and narrowness any section of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Tall pines high on the canyon rims were dwarfed to small shrubs. At the bottom of this mighty chasm the Snake River, in places compressed within a basalt channel less than 100 feet wide, brawled along over rapid after rapid until we seemed to be descending a watery staircase.

It was invigorating, inspiring,

awesome—a man's paradise. But that ancient slave driver, the calendar, that had trailed us from civilization now caught up with us. It reminded us that this was no time for idyllic reverie. Startled like boys caught in a pantry, we plunged down the rapids we could run and lined the bad ones as though all civilization would collapse is we didn't get out within our allotted nine days.

But we couldn't even get through to a telephone. On the ninth day, when we were due at a Rotary Club banquet in Lewiston,

Idaho, we had still two rapids to navigate. Despite our labors, when darkness fell and we were forced to camp, I knew that Charlie Wheeler had entered the hall of the immortals. He was "lost." In that moment he took his place in history along with Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton, and other epic figures who had also been lost. Doc, Pat, and I were merely delayed; we'd show up sometime.

I sat on a rock, as I scrubbed a shirt, and thought of the history I had unintentionally created by being a cautious pilot. By midnight the wires would tingle out of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast would be alerted. Radio broadcasts would blast the news across the continent: "San Francisco executive, civic leader, Past President of Rotary International is lost tonight in the labyrinth of Hells Canyon." By dawn Army planes would be searching up the canyon.

Next morning we lined our three boats through Rush and Sluice Creek Rapids and were soon dashing through less formidable rapids to the Titus Sheep Ranch at Pittsburgh Landing 40 miles away, where Charlie began to burn the telephone wires. Then, just as I had dreamed it, a search plane with the Army star on its wing and fuselage swooped down and the pilot waved to us, then flew off down the canyon.

Civilization's long arm was drawing us in. But now we begrudged each watery mile that bore us farther away from the scene of our magnificent adventure. There in the solitudes we had begun to sense some of the simpler truths lost by men whose feet have been too long off the living earth.

REACHING an Idaho sheep ranch, Charlie telephones the outside world for a plane to fly him to Portland. This was the scene at "take-off." Amos Burg is at the far left.



The Philippines

NOW ON ITS OWN!

WORLD WAR II destroyed the economic life of The Philippines, but it didn't upset the independence timetable. On the 170th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies, The Philippines became the newest member in the concert of free nations. The independence date had been set by the Tydings-McDuffie Law, which was passed by the United States Congress in 1934, when no one could foresee Pearl Harbor and its consequences. The date was kept on the Fourth of last July, when everyone could see that The Philippines lay prostrate as a result of the long enemy occupation and the desperate fighting that had marked its liberation.

But Philippine independence doesn't mark the end of Philippine-American relations. It is, rather, an important milestone on the road that started back in 1898, when Commodore George Dewey, who was provisioning his fleet in Hong Kong, was ordered to seek out Admiral Montojo's Spanish fleet and destroy it.

Three thousand miles from his nearest base, Dewey sailed through the presumably mined waters at the entrance of Manila Bay, slipped under the Spanish guns on Corregidor, and caught Montojo's fleet flat-footed off Cavite. He literally destroyed it before breakfast. It looks easy now, but at the time the attack involved considerable risk. "You may fire when ready, Mr. Gridley," was the completely casual command which Dewey gave his chief gunnery officer, but it's quite likely that the American commander had his fingers crossed when he gave the order.

On August 13, 1898, American troops took Manila from its Spanish garrison, and the fighting



Photo: Acme

GUERRILLA fighting tattered his clothes and made stubbles of his beard, but didn't dull this Bataan veteran's sense of humor. He found this Japanese propaganda poster amusing.

should have been over. In fact, it was only beginning. The Filipinos were happy to see the Spaniards driven out, but they didn't enjoy the prospect of the Americans' staying. Three hundred years of alien rule had been enough. The Filipinos wanted to run their own show. Two and a half years of "pacification" by 100,000 American troops were required before Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas MacArthur, was able to capture the wily Emilio Aguinaldo and bring the fighting—which the Filipinos called a revolution, but the Americans designated as an insurrection—to an end.

In the long run, however, it was American schoolteachers who "pacified" the Filipinos. A thousand of them went out from the United States, shortly after the turn of the century, and were distributed from Jolo to Aparri. They opened schools among the pagans of northern Luzon and the Mohammedans of Mindanao and the Christians who made up roughly 90 percent of the population, and

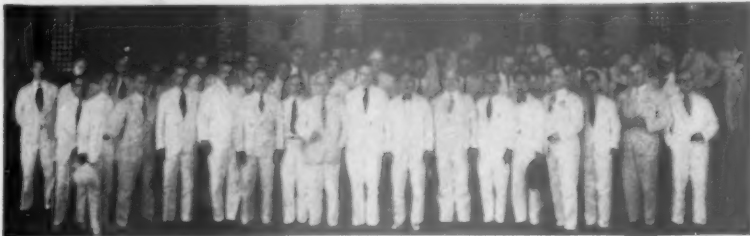
they convinced the Filipinos that the United States had one paramount purpose in view: to prepare the Filipinos for self-government. The Filipinos responded by turning from warfare to the pursuits of peace.

Self-government came rapidly. By 1909 the Filipinos elected their own Assembly. In 1916 they were given their own Senate under the Jones Law, which contained a promise of independence in its preamble. In 1935 the almost completely autonomous Philippine Commonwealth was established, with the independence date definitely set.

Unfortunately, however, preparations for economic independence had not kept pace with preparations for political independence. Philippine products, principally sugar, coconut oil, copra, tobacco, cordage and hemp, found their biggest export market in the United States, where they were allowed to enter without paying the regular customs duties. Under the Commonwealth, roughly ten years was allowed for The Philippines to readjust its economy to the loss of the American market. During the entire Commonwealth period an annual quota was placed

BY FREDERIC S. MARQUARDT

Foreign News Editor, Chicago Sun; Director of the OWI in Southwest Pacific Area, 1943-45.



Rotary Rises Again in The Philippines

MANILA, the first Club in the Orient (January, 1919), is a Rotary Far Eastern cornerstone.

For years The Philippines and China were linked in a single sprawling District, but in July, 1938, the islands became District 81; the Governor: George A. Malcolm. His successor, Theodore L. Hall, after 37 months' interment, is active Governor until a new election is held in the

District, reconstituted June 12.

Of eight former Clubs, five—Manila, Baguio, Dagupan, Bacolod, and Davao—are reactivated. Meetings like that of the prewar Manila Club pictured above have been renewed. Carlos P. Romulo, Manila newspaper publisher, author, and soldier, is The Philippines' most famous Rotarian. He is a Past Third Vice-President of Rotary International.

on Philippine goods which could enter the United States duty-free; during the last five years of the Commonwealth these quotas were to be reduced progressively by 5 percent a year; or in some cases duties starting at 5 percent of the regular American tariff and stepping up 5 percent a year were to be charged.

Whether this plan would have worked, and Philippine economy prepared for the loss of the American market by July 4, 1946, will never be known, for the Japanese stepped into the picture. When they seized the islands in 1942, they ended all hope of an orderly readjustment of Philippine economy. And when they learned that they could never sway the mass of the Filipinos from their basic loyalty to the United States, they enacted a terrible vengeance in the destruction of The Philippines.

I had the unforgettable experience of seeing at firsthand what the Japanese had done in The Philippines, and how the Filipinos had resisted. For I also returned. I remember the day I landed on Leyte, and as I walked ashore on the beach on which I had played as a child, I kept repeating the words of what had once been the Philippine national anthem, "This is my own, my native land."

That night I went around to Walter Price's house in Tacloban, where General MacArthur had

established his headquarters, to chat with his aide-de-camp, Larry Lehrbas. The General was pacing up and down the wide veranda, and as he saw me he came walking toward me, hand outstretched, and said, "Hello, Fritz. I'm glad to see you. Welcome home."

It was home all right, for him as well as for me. I had gone there as an infant in my mother's arms. In fact, I would have been born in Tacloban instead of Manila if there had been adequate hospital facilities there. And MacArthur had gone to Leyte as a "shavetail" fresh out of West Point. He had done his first campaigning on the near-by island of Samar, where an insurrecto's bullet had knocked his high-peaked hat off his head.

In a way, it occurred to me, the United States was also going home. Here in The Philippines American arms had suffered the greatest military defeats in their history, on those black days in 1942 when Bataan and Corregidor had fallen. And here now, on the full tide of such military might as the world had never seen, Americans were returning to liberate 18 million Filipinos as a necessary prelude to giving them their independence. In the future, the liberation of The Philippines and the redemption of the independence pledge would stand the United States in good stead, not only in Asia, but throughout the world.

A few days later I met Colonel Ruperto Kangleon, the Filipino guerrilla leader whose forces were harrying the Japanese rear while the American troops hit them from the front. "Are you related to the blue-eyed W. W. Marquardt who expelled me from the fifth grade when he was superintendent of schools in Leyte?" Kangleon asked me.

"Sure," I said. "He's my father. Were you a guerrilla then too?"

"Tell him to come back to Tacloban," Kangleon said. "We'll give a big *banquete* for him. We owe a lot to those early American teachers."

In Manila I saw 80 percent of the city pulverized and destroyed as the Japanese fought their senseless last-ditch stand on the south bank of the Pasig. I attended the first postwar luncheon of the Manila Rotary Club, in Gil Puyat's furniture factory, miraculously saved from the flames. It was probably the only building in town that boasted 30 chairs.

I even went out to Kawit to talk to old General Aguinaldo, who had fought the Americans so bitterly at the beginning of the American regime. During the Bataan campaign he had sent a message to MacArthur, urging him to surrender to the Japanese. After Manila had been liberated he had tried to see MacArthur and Osmena, but neither of them would have anything to do with him. Now he sat among his autographed pictures of famous Americans, a simple old man who had been an ineffective pawn in the hands of the Japanese.

In many respects The Philippines was less prepared for independence in 1946 than it had been in 1898. The factories, the banks, the work animals, the transportation companies, the telephone systems, the power plants, the sugar and coconut and rice mills—almost the entire physical plant erected during the American regime had been destroyed. Then, after liberation, liberal spending by the American Army, in the absence of an almost complete lack of consumer goods, added a disastrous inflation to the other woes of the country. Although wages were doubled, the peso had a purchasing power of only one-sixth of its prewar value.

But the Filipinos had something more essential for the maintenance of independence than a going commercial and industrial plant. They had the determination to rule themselves, a determination born of scores of uprisings against the Spaniards; of long years of fighting against, and later cooperating with, the Americans; of the brutal injustices of the Japanese rule.

The United States, grateful for the incalculable aid rendered by the Filipinos in the war against Japan, has dealt generously with The Philippines despite the great calls for assistance coming from every quarter of the globe. Last April Congress passed the Philippine Trade Bill and the Philippine Rehabilitation Bill. They are the basic props on which the independent Philippines must lean in rebuilding its industries and restoring its economy.

The Rehabilitation Bill provides roughly 500 million dollars for the payment of war-damage claims in The Philippines and for the reconstruction of damaged public works. It probably will pay about 60 percent of the 1941 value of private property damaged during the war.

The Trade Bill provides The Philippines with preferential treatment in the American market for 28 years. For the first eight years of the new republic's life it may export its 1941 quotas to the United States entirely free of duty. Thereafter, the duties will be increased 5 percent a year, or the quotas decreased 5 percent a year, for 20 years. U. S. exports to The Philippines will pay no customs duties for eight years, and thereafter will pay graduated duties based on the Philippine tariff schedule and rising 5 percent a year. Thus, at the end of 28 years, U. S.-Philippine trade will be on a completely nonpreferential basis.

There has been some criticism of the Trade Bill, particularly in The Philippines. It has been pointed out that quotas have been applied to many Philippine exports, while there are no quotas on American exports. And a provision that The Philippines must grant American citizens and cor-

porations the same rights that are granted to Philippine citizens and corporations has been called a violation of Philippine sovereignty.

But it should be pointed out that nothing is being forced on the Filipinos. They can reject the legislation if they so desire, in which case the new nation will immediately be treated like any other foreign country.

Rotarian Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Resident Commissioner in the United States, whose eloquent voice and unceasing efforts in Congress had much to do with the enactment of this legislation, urged its acceptance in The Philippines in the following words:

"The whole



Photo: (left) Acme



DESIGNED by a native architect, the Legislative Building, once Manila's largest structure, stands in ruins. Japanese forces holed up in it for a last-ditch stand, were blasted out. . . . The inset shows Manuel Roxas, chosen first President of the independent nation.

point of the Trade Bill is to provide us with a breathing spell during which we may wean ourselves away from economic dependence on the United States. . . . When we have done this, we will be able to diversify our crops and our industrial production, to find new markets, to work slowly toward the economic independence which will go hand in hand with political independence."

President Truman, when he signed the bills, described them as "unprecedented legislation." He said, "We have never entered into a similar agreement with any foreign Government. Preferential trade relations are alien to the policy of the Administration." But, he declared, "the situation itself is unprecedented. . . .

"We are about to grant political independence to these people. Today we are giving them a chance to preserve and develop their nation on a temporary economic basis of trade preference. Political independence without economic stability would be totally ineffective."

To put the bills into effect, assuming they are approved by the Philippine Congress, will be the primary task of Manuel Roxas, newly elected President of The Philippines. A political unknown in the United States, Roxas (pronounced RO-hass) defeated President Sergio Osmena in the elections in April. The fact that he had held office under the Japanese caused considerable raising of eyebrows. General MacArthur per-

sonally relieved any fears about Roxas being a collaborationist when he announced that Roxas (who had been a general on Bataan) was actually engaged in guerrilla work while supposedly holding political office in the Japanese-sponsored Philippine Government.

The promptness with which Roxas opened negotiations for American military bases in The Philippines is evidence of his desire for the closest possible ties with the United States.

The Philippines starts its independent existence under extremely difficult circumstances. But with the aid and encouragement of the United States, there is no reason why the Filipinos should not make their country a beacon of democracy in the Far East.

Remember That Name!

It's easy if you know how, and here's how, says one who knows.

By Bruno Furst

*Memory Expert; Author of
How to Remember*

THE FIRST thing that catches the eye of a visitor at a weekly meeting of a Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, or other service club is the huge board crowded with identification badges. As each member enters the dining hall, he seeks out his badge and carefully clamps it on his lapel.

"They are very useful," everyone tells me, when I ask what is the purpose of these badges. "If I don't know a man's name, I just glance at his badge and then I am able to address him as 'Tom,' 'Fred,' or whatever his name may be."

In some service clubs I have visited I even found it the custom

then, isn't he ashamed to use the "water wings" of the luncheon badge in social waters where he is already well acquainted?

What John Green should do when he is introduced to Bill Red for the first time is to observe closely Bill's face—not his badge! He should observe not only the face and every detail of it, but also his mannerisms and stature. On his way home, John should try to recall Bill's face and the face of every other member to whom he was introduced that day.

If John knows how to draw, he



*Illustrations by
Don Herold*

WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING THE NAME?

to fine members who do not wear their luncheon badges. In my opinion it would be much better to fine those who *do* wear them.

I know that is heresy. I have seen how firmly established the luncheon-badge tradition has become. Nevertheless, I wish to ask this: Would a Rotarian who knows how to swim use a pair of water wings? Indeed not! He would be ashamed to do so. Why,

should make a sketch of Bill Red and the others, recalling the shape of the nose, the mouth, the ears, the color of the eyes and the hair—in short, every part and especially any distinguishing feature of the person or persons in question. He should not postpone this, for after 12 hours it becomes 12 times more difficult. If John can't draw, then he should at least construct a mental picture.



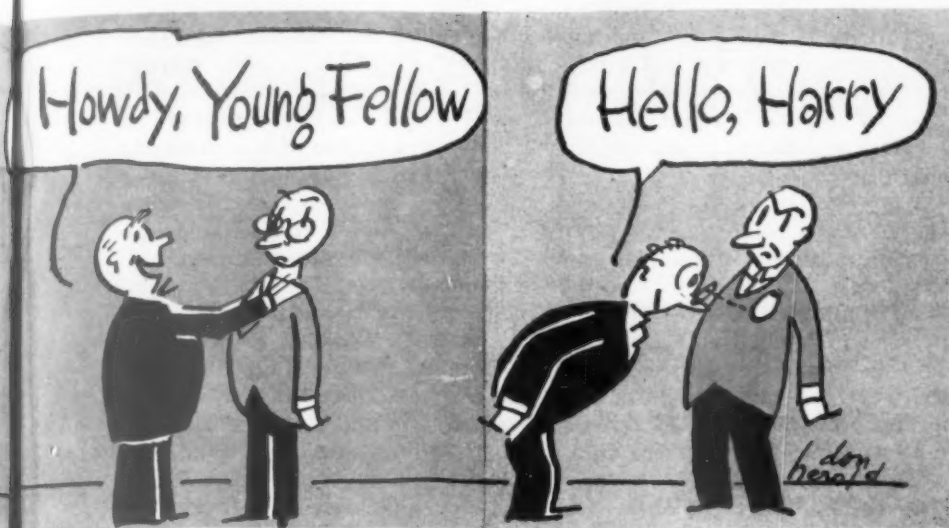
In doing this little experiment, he will gain two advantages: (1) the assurance that he will recognize this person every time he sees him, and (2) a new face-consciousness—and that is exactly what he needs.

If John's new acquaintance has any similarity to somebody he already knows, it will be helpful in remembering this new face, but he should not be satisfied with just noticing certain similarities. He should ask himself in what does the similarity consist, what distinguishes him from the other person, etc.

If John's memory is very bad as far as faces are concerned, he should repeat the drawing procedure the following day and, if necessary, again the following week.

But remembering the face of his newly introduced fellow member is not enough. John must also remember his name. So he should make up his mind that at the next meeting he will greet him not as "young fellow," or "Hello, old boy," or similar subterfuges of which the glance at the badge is the worst. Instead he will resolve to remember exactly the man's true name the first time he meets him again.

As a matter of fact, names are more difficult for most of us than faces. There are several reasons for this. About three-fourths of all human beings, it is known, are eye-minded, and only one-fourth are ear-minded. This is why a face, being seen, is remembered more easily than a name, which is heard. In speaking to a person we look at him continually and



thus establish a constant repetition of the visual image. On the other hand, his name is usually heard only once, and so the very important element of repetition is lacking.

A third reason is this: It is much easier to recognize a picture which we have seen before than it is to draw this same picture from memory. It is much easier to recognize a melody we have heard before than to sing or whistle the tune by ourselves. The face, stature, and general appearance of a person are offered to you at the moment when you meet him. His name, however, has to be reproduced by your own memory. If, when meeting Bill Red for the second time, a heavenly voice should whisper to you: "Is this Mr. Frank or Warren or Red?" you would not have any difficulty in selecting the right name. But there is no such voice to call to you, and you have to produce the name by yourself without any assistance.

However, all these difficulties can be overcome.

The first and most important step is to get the name accurately the first time it is given to you. We cannot remember a name if we fail to catch it. If the name has not been enunciated clearly and correctly, let us not hesitate to ask to have it repeated. No one will take offense at such a request, because it pleases people to know that we are deeply enough interested in them to want to be sure of their names.

After we have understood the name correctly, let us not merely

say, "How do you do!" Rather, let us extend it to, "How do you do, Mr. Red," "Glad to know you, Mr. Warren," or the like.

Then let us use the name as soon and as often as possible in conversation with our new acquaintance, for repetition is one of the foundation stones of memorization.

All names, no matter in what language they are, may be divided into two categories:

1. Names which have a meaning in themselves, such as Baker, Red, Fisher, Green, Salmon, Good, Bear, Wood, Rose, Brown, Strong, Cooper, Smith, and the like. Also in this category belong those names which, while having in themselves no meaning, nevertheless serve to convey a meaning through a natural association of ideas. For instance, should your new acquaintance have a name such as Grant, Gillette, or Chrysler, it will bring to mind a well-known person, thus making it easier for you to remember it. Or the new name may be that of one of your friends; if it is, an association between the two is, of course, easily made.

2. Names which in themselves have no meaning. In such instances it is necessary to substitute a word which comes as closely as possible in sound to the name of the person whose name is to be remembered. If we try to remember the name of Mr. Colorado, we can use as substi-

tutes words such as color, college, colleague, collect, collision, colossus, colonist, etc.

It goes without saying that it is easier to remember a substitute word which has a meaning than a name having no meaning in itself. It remains only to decide, when the actual need arises, which of the many available words to choose as a substitute for a name that is difficult to remember.

To make this choice we have to form a mental link between the person and his name. This will not prove difficult for persons who are in the habit of forming associations. To relate an individual with his name, we may choose some aspect of his appearance, manner, business or profession, and so on. Naturally, the more we know about the person, the more readily we can make the association.

Let's start with an easy one, the current President of Rotary International. He is Richard (the central man in the Tom, Dick, and Harry combination) Hedke—who is Rotary's *head-key-man*, of course!

Dick Hedke's predecessor was Tom A. Warren, and he'll be our next—and somewhat more complicated—case study. You may recall that THE ROTARIAN for July, 1945, carried an article about him. The author, T. D. Young, stated that years ago he was introduced to Warren by the late John Crab-



"JOHN should try to recall Bill's face and the face of every other member to whom he was introduced that day."

tree. Suppose we have to remember these three names.

The article in question carries a picture of Tom Warren. He looks very peaceful and it is easy to form the connection:

"Peace—War (Warren)" as a contrast.

Tom Warren's son, Robert, served in the British Eighth Army during the war and, therefore, there is another possibility: "His son was a captain in the war—his name is Warren."

Tom Warren was selected President on account of his clearness and stability of mind (all this taken from the article in question), which means another association: "He makes war on everything which is confused and unstable—his name is Warren."

The best association, however, would be the thought: "He was the last *war* President." This association is the best because it applies only to him and could not be applied to anybody else. Besides this, it has the advantage that it immediately gives the year of his Presidency.

It is not advisable to use several connections at the same time. It is much better to use only one and, of course, the one that you like best. The article in question is written by Mr. Young, a Past President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland. Instead of Past President we could also say old President, which leads to the contrast association: "old—Young." If we prefer a connection between Mr. Warren and Mr. Young, and if we know both of them, we could think of one of them being *younger* than the other.

More difficult is the name of the late Mr. Crabtree. Crabtree is a name which is not well fitted for association unless we use the substitute "crabapple tree," and here is a point where we have to put our imaginations to work. We could imagine, for instance, the last *war* President who meets another man (one of them *younger* than the other) beneath a *crabapple tree*.

There is, of course, the danger of addressing the third man when we meet him as Mr. Crabapple-Tree or as Mr. Crabapple. However, the use of proper associations should not lead us to the

point where we distrust our natural memory entirely. After having found the correct association, we can depend on our natural memory to help us in making the correct selection.

It is similar to the process of speaking a foreign language. In the beginning it may happen very frequently that we do not find the word for which we are groping, but it will happen comparatively seldom that once we recall the root or the general sound of this foreign word we will make a mistake as far as the prefix or suffix is concerned.

In 1944-45 the President of Rotary International was Richard H. Wells and we can picture him by reading an article he wrote for the July, 1944, issue of this magazine. The association that this article was written very "well," or that

Forget-me-not Lee

ONE Rotarian with an elephant's memory for names is Lee E. Ragsdale, Past President of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois, and a telegraph-company executive. He



Ragsdale

knows the first and last names and classification of 690 of the Club's 710 members. The 20 he doesn't know he hasn't met yet. Like Bruno Furst, author of the accompanying article, Rotarian Ragsdale believes getting names right is half the battle. Unlike him, he doesn't use mnemonic associations. "I just work hard to fix a name in my mind and to link it with a person's appearance," he says.

To help remember fellow Rotarians, he studies the Club roster while travelling—and he does get around, having addressed business, civic, and Rotary groups in all 48 of the United States.

Denying he's a memory wizard, Rotarian Ragsdale nevertheless performs miraculous first-meeting memory feats. Once challenged to name 42 new Chicago Rotarians, he asked for 15 minutes to connect names and faces, then named every man.

His most famous memory exploit: For 12 of the last 13 years at the Club's Christmas party he has identified each Rotarian as his number was drawn from a grab bag. Upward of 400 men attend these affairs, making this quite a trick; yet he's never missed naming a man he's met or who's on the Club roster.

he fulfilled his Presidential duties very "well," doesn't seem satisfying to me because there are others who did the same. However, he closed this article with a quotation from Goethe and if I remember that he knows his Goethe very "well," I have found a connection which is not easily confused with somebody else, since there are not many English-speaking persons who know Goethe so well that they are able to quote him.

On the other hand, it may be possible to find a good association between him and Orson Welles, or between him and Sumner Welles, if someone knows enough about either of these personalities.

In 1943-44 the President of Rotary International was Charles L. Wheeler. The article about him in the July, 1943, issue of THE ROTARIAN was written by Reese Wolfe. The article tells us that Wheeler is a steamship-company executive which makes an association easy. All I have to do is to think of the steering wheel, still better, to form a mental picture of this man handling a steering wheel. Having formed the association, our natural memory—which we should not neglect—will help us to recall Wheeler once we have the hook: "wheel."

As for the man who wrote the article, he says: "He [Charlie] is as likely to turn up in the shaft alley of one of his company's ships as he is to be posing with a beautiful lady." The association between the beautiful lady and the "wolf" shouldn't be too difficult.

If we wish to recall the names of Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Wolfe together, we may again use our imaginations and see a *wolf* at the steering *wheel* of the steamer. This picture looks so funny that we may be sure it will stick in our minds. Any advertising man will tell us that a funny picture is easier to recall than a picture which is true to nature. The simple reason is that we see the latter kind of picture every day, whereas the funny one is singular and, therefore, outstanding.

So, next time we meet you will think that I was the "first" who had the audacity to attack your time-hallowed custom of wearing identity badges and will have no difficulty in greeting me as, yours

—(BRUNO) FURST.

By-Products of the Atomic Bomb

By Raymond E. Zirkle

Director of Institute of Radiobiology and Biophysics,
University of Chicago

*Radiation, lethal in atomic fission, may be the key
to unlock secrets of life's processes and diseases*

IF YOU READ Dr. Samuel K. Allison's article, *Atomic Power for Peace*, in these columns last month, you will remember that industrial use of atomic energy is limited by the fact that fission releases rays so lethal that a thick and weighty shield of concrete is needed to protect people from them. But it is this radiation, a by-product, which holds high promise for revealing secrets to the biological and medical scientist.

This is true because most substances, when exposed in the "pile"—that mechanism in which atomic energy is produced—they

selves become radioactive or are changed to other substances which are radioactive. And radioactivity can readily be measured by special devices or recorded photographically. You may have read about the new film which became fogged because it was packed in strawboard which had become radioactive through contamination of the water supply of the paper mill by small amounts of radioactivity dispersed from the experimental bomb exploded at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

What happens when a substance becomes radioactive? Nothing that you can see. Ordinary table salt

that has been made radioactive looks exactly as it did before, tastes the same, and undergoes precisely the same chemical reaction in a test tube or in your stomach that untreated NaCl would. But something *has* happened. The nuclei of its atoms have been altered, in this case by the addition of a neutron, changing the atomic weight.

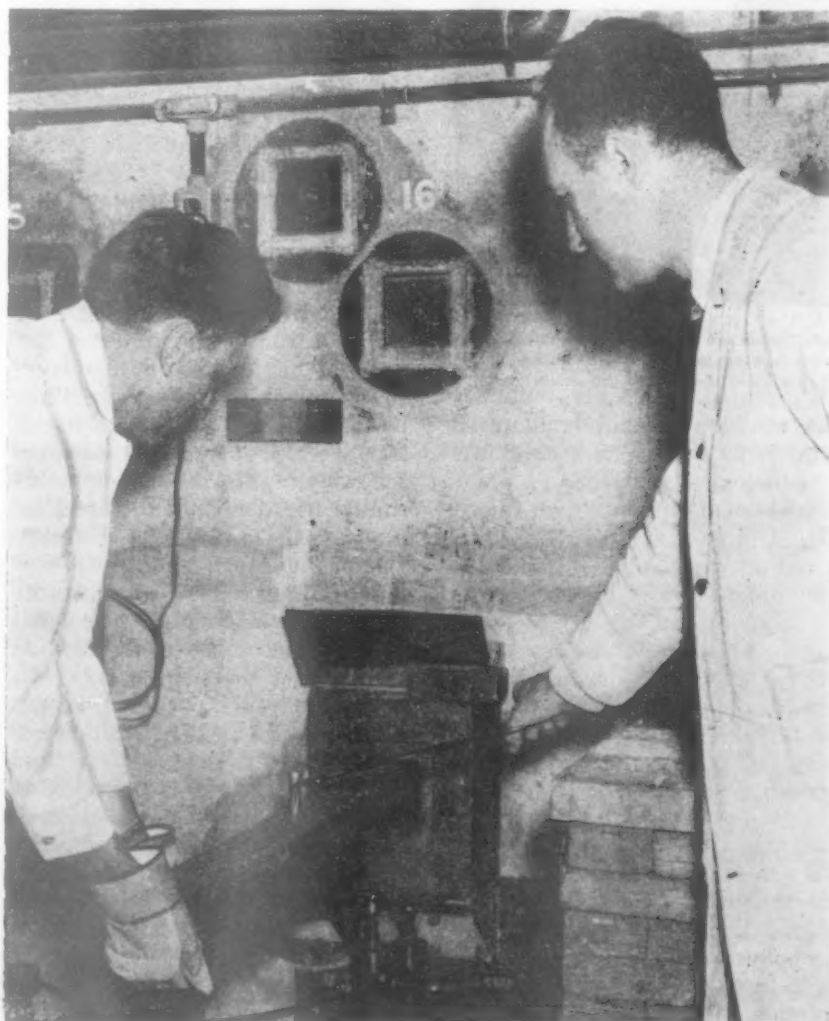
It is now known that with only one or two exceptions, each of the chemical elements consists of two or more kinds of atoms, which differ in the weight of their nuclei. These various forms of the same element are known as "isotopes." Some isotopes are radioactive and some others are stable (not radioactive).

Long before World War II, physicists had begun to make radioactive isotopes. In 1934, Mme. Curie's daughter and son-in-law, Irène and Frédéric Joliot, bombarded boron with alpha rays and made a radioactive isotope of nitrogen. The cyclotron—one of the preëminent atom smashers—had produced 375 radioactive substances by 1941.

Incomparably, the atomic pile is the great mass producer of certain very important radioactive isotopes. It has been estimated that one good pile is equivalent for this purpose to a million cyclotrons, a comparison which though highly figurative does give a fair idea of the enormous increase in radioactive material now accessible.

Some artificially radioactive isotopes may compete economically with radium. In 1940 the world's supply of radium was estimated at a kilogram, or 2.2 pounds, which could have been held in an ordinary water tumbler. Radium has sold as high as \$75,000 a gram,

Photo: F. R. Williams



HERE'S how radioactive products are made: Substance in phial is taken by block to center of uranium "pile," imbedded in concrete. When activated, pile bombards material with neutrons.

but the demand and price have slumped badly.

The cyclotron is, I should point out, not outmoded. It still is more effective than the pile in producing certain isotopes—fluorine 18, for example. The cyclotron and the betatron can also be used for direct beams of radiations. But it is to the atomic pile that the scientist looks for his greatest source of radioactive materials. A pile, operating by means of the chain reaction described by Dr. Allison last month, can go far toward producing all the isotopes needed for

enable one to follow them through the most complex chemical or metabolic process, for their presence to something like a millionth part of a millionth part of an ounce can be detected with sensitive instruments such as the Geiger-Muller counter. In some cases, very small amounts of radioactive material can be located in the human body by the counter; for example, it can be placed against the neck to detect radioactive iodine in the thyroid gland.

The sensitivity of photographic plates to radiation makes it pos-

sible to make discoveries such as these, because no particular molecule or atom of a given kind could be identified.

We now know, through tracers, that in the complicated chemical processes, many reactions which either were unsuspected or only postulated, actually do occur, and often quite rapidly. It had been shown, for example, that when a molecule of glucose was fermented by a certain kind of bacteria, three molecules of acetic acid were formed, but no carbon dioxide appeared as an end product. However, with the use of radioactive carbon dioxide, it was found that the fermentation of the sugar actually does produce carbon dioxide, which then is reabsorbed and converted to acetic acid. The untagged glucose probably was first converted into two-thirds acetic acid, and one-third untagged carbon dioxide. Then the one-third, nontagged carbon dioxide mixed with the radioactively tagged carbon dioxide. This combined carbon dioxide, which now could be traced by its radioactivity, was converted into radioactive acetic acid.

One of the great riddles of Nature is the process of photosynthesis, by which a plant turns carbon dioxide and water into sugar. If the series of chemical reactions by which this is accomplished could be determined, artificial photosynthesis might be achieved. One of the most revealing facts of photosynthesis learned with the tagged atoms is that the first molecules formed from carbon dioxide in the initial reactions are of much higher molecular weight than the sugar which is finally produced. For more than a century it had been thought that carbon dioxide was an end or waste product of biochemical reactions and did not figure otherwise in the metabolic process. Because of the tracers, we know now that it is used actively in many reactions, and that the reason we frequently observe it as an [Continued on page 52]



LABORATORY technicians wear special clothes, are examined frequently to protect them from radioactive contamination. Here a probe counter is used to measure the radioactivity in a scientist's shoes, which are paint-marked to differentiate them from the street variety.

purposes of scientific and industrial research.

What does it mean to have the prospect of generous supplies of radioactive substances? What prospects are opened up in chemistry, biology, medicine, and even industry? The most important possibility now foreseen is the use of isotopes as "tracers." The second important scientific use lies in new medical treatment that isotopes may provide.

Considerable work was done before the war with both radioactive and nonradioactive tracers. The importance of radioactive tracers to scientific investigation is to be compared with the microscope, the X ray, the analytical balance, the spectograph, the electron microscope. The radioactive tracers

sible for even a minute amount of radioactivity to be recorded. In some biological experiments, when sections of tissue, in which radioactive atoms are present, are placed against a film, we immediately obtain a revelatory record—a "radioautograph" or self-portrait.

One of the most promising approaches to learning how a biological organism, such as the human body, functions is provided by these tracers. Here a basic problem is metabolism; for instance, how food is turned into heat and into substances that are used throughout the body to renew and rebuild it. When we know how the body functions, it will be easier to learn how to correct its malfunction. Prewar studies with ra-

I Saw It Happen

The only living witness reveals how X rays were discovered only a half century ago by Roentgen.

By Dr. Alfred Zucker



Holder of 40 patents, Dr. Zucker headed (1903-33) a German chemical plant, came to the U. S. in 1941, is now a pharmacist in Trinidad, Colo.

IT WAS slightly more than 50 years ago that I saw X rays born. Now I'm 75, probably the sole surviving witness of that epochal discovery that made Konrad Roentgen famous. It marked the first milestone on the road to harnessing Nature's elemental forces—a road that has led past the Curies and radium, Einstein, and now to atomic energy.

Recent atomic experiments take me back to the exciting days at the close of the last century when Roentgen stumbled on a phenomenon that initiated gigantic developments no one could foresee.

I was studying at the University of Würzburg, Germany, under Roentgen, who was professor of physics. My laboratory was right next to his. One day—I shall never forget it; it was November 8, 1895—the door to my room was flung open and in burst Roentgen, visibly excited.

I leaped from my stool, startled. Normally taciturn, icy, and aloof, he stood there trembling. His eyes burned feverishly and he breathed heavily. My heart began to pound. I feared the professor was having a stroke.

"Come here immediately," he thundered, gripping my arm and dragging me into his laboratory.

"What do you see?" he demanded, his voice shaking. "Tell me exactly what you see."

I tried to get my bearings, for the laboratory was dark. At one side stood a Crookes' tube, a device which radiated cathode rays when charged with electricity. Farther back, on a table, was a chemically treated screen. Various objects, mostly of wood, cardboard, and paper, lay in front of

the screen, blocking it so completely from the Crookes' tube that at first I had not noticed it. Yet the screen glowed with a curious, flickering light. It was uncanny.

"Well, what do you see?" Roentgen said impatiently.

I described what I saw.

Roentgen's agitation mounted. He grasped his forehead. "Really? It is so? The screen is fluorescing? Then I'm not dreaming! It's true: there is a light emanating from that screen!"

He switched off the current: the screen darkened. He turned it on: the screen fluoresced.

"But how is it possible?" I asked timidly. "There is no connection. The rays cannot reach the screen!"

"That's just the point," he replied mysteriously. "I suspect that these rays must penetrate organic matter like wood and paper. That is what makes it so fantastic. There must be some invisible radiation which creates this magic effect. At the moment I don't understand it myself."

Immediately he began to probe further into the discovery that had fallen into his lap. I assisted him. We wound black paper around the tube. Still the screen



HERE'S what the well-equipped physician used about 1900: Edison's X-ray machine.



KONRAD Roentgen, discoverer of X ray.

showed the same inexplicable glow. We placed a wooden dark slide, containing film, in the path of the rays. They penetrated the wood. Then Roentgen grabbed a handy box of weights and photographed it. To our amazement only the iron weights appeared on the plate; the wooden box was merely a blurred outline.

Roentgen felt jubilant. I felt bewitched.

While these portentous experiments were going on, Roentgen's wife was preparing a dinner surprise. When he failed to come home, she began sending messages from the near-by house. He kept pleading for a little more time. In desperation she finally came down herself to get him—and was promptly impressed into service.

Roentgen prevailed upon her to have her hand photographed, and, to be sure, only the bones and her ring were visible. Thus did the medical use of the X ray have its baptism. Even Bertha Roentgen forgot about dinner.

Roentgen's discovery is often described as a triumphant culmination of long, heartbreaking experiments. Don't believe it. It was sheer accident. The whole array of tubes and screen that day was a *coincidence*. By mere chance Roentgen noticed that the screen fluoresced. That's why he was so violently agitated.

It was the surprise element that made excitement run high. That's why the moving episode of that November remains the greatest thrill of my life.



THESE PICTURES aren't of the Boys' Club about which Lieutenant Daniells writes, for that one isn't yet in existence. These are from an established Boys' Club in London.

A London Boys' Club Born in a POW Camp

ONE of the astonishing and inspiring stories of World War II is the tale of how the prisoners of war in Oflag 79, at Brunswick, Germany, planned and financed a boys' club in London.

In that camp were 2,000 men drawn from Allied ranks all over the world. Overcrowded at the best of times, its water supply inadequate, its sanitation primitive, conditions worsened after Allied bombers raided the area. Red Cross parcels, which had been the boon of life hitherto, ceased, and the men, reduced to living on German rations, were hungry and miserable.

One chilly morning the prisoners were lined up for daily roll call on the strip of concrete 130 yards long by 20 to 30 yards wide, their sole space for recreation. One of them mused on the dreariness and futility of their life: Could these harassed, hungry men, he asked himself, do something worth while—even while in a prison camp?

Something, maybe, for the rising generation of the world for which they had fought? It occurred to him that perhaps they could lay plans for a boys' club somewhere, to be started later. He confided this idea to one friend, then another.

So the idea took form. . . . When they were free men again, a boys' club bearing the hated name of Brunswick would be founded in some poor district of London. It would be a memorial to their comradeship and an affirmation of faith that the prison-camp hardships were not in vain.

Among enthusiasts for the idea were Bill Bowes and F. R. Brown, the cricketers, and Pat Gardner, the V.C. The men met in a cellar, often when raids were on and lights were out, and they set to work with the dim flicker of a lamp fed with margarine. Publicity men and artists among the prisoners drew up posters, and representatives were appointed to

each company in camp to foster the idea.

The appeal was formally launched at a meeting in the vast gloomy attic of the camp. In the distance could be heard the rumble of Allied bombs. The biting winds which sweep over the plains of Northern Germany whistled through the holes in the bomb-torn roof, but standing or sitting in this discomfort were 700 men. Some were still wearing the ancient ragged service dress of Dunkirk, others were in the thin khaki drill they wore in Wavell's push in Africa; still more were in the combat jackets in which they had fought at Arnhem. They were a poor, emaciated-looking crowd, hungry and cold.

When the scheme was put to them, they were unmoved. To raise the needed \$48,000 was, one speaker said, attempting too much. Then came the sensation. From the middle of the huddled mass of men sprang one of the few pri-



Photos: British Information Services

hed Boys in London and show activities remembered so fondly by men in the prison camp at Brunswick that they raised funds to inaugurate a new one.

One of the Strangest Tales of the War

By L. F. Daniells

Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.

vates in the camp—a parachutist who had been captured at Arnhem.

"Attempting too much—that is poppycock!" he exploded. "I know all about boys' clubs. I was a member of one and, believe me, we always needed money. I owe everything to my boys' club, and if you gentlemen endow this club, and carry on this work, you will be doing the finest thing you have ever done."

As the brawny parachutist sat down, wild cheers broke out—a cheering that shook the blackened rafters and the already loose slates. When the vote was taken, everyone—Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Canadians, South Africans, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Indians, Rhodesians, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Poles—supported the formation of a Brunswick Trust to endow a boys' club.

Before that camp was liberated by the Americans, those men had raised \$52,000 for their project as

well as bankers' credits which would ensure an annual subscription list of \$2,800!

The orderlies gave the equivalent of three months' pay. One officer gave a treasured 100 cigarettes, and they fetched \$4 each. A precious tin of bully beef brought \$100. Artists gave etchings, oil paintings, and water colors which were auctioned for incredible prices.

The men arranged all sorts of competitions for prizes to be received some time in the dim future. In a "Help Yourself Sweepstakes," prizes ranged from a bed and breakfast for two at the Savoy Hotel, London, to a box of kippers from Nova Scotia. A prewar caterer, a prisoner of war, gave a two-tier wedding cake, to be collected when he got back to his job. A theater manager promised two free tickets to his movie house. A group of tea planters promised free tea for the club.

An office was opened in the cel-

lar where money could be handed in, questions asked, and ideas bandied. Twelve beautifully hand-made copies of an explanatory booklet, *Citizens of Circumstance*, were produced and circulated around the camp. And the "law society" of the camp drew up the trust deed. They worked entirely without legal precedent, yet, when they got back home, their trust deed was accepted by counsel without amendment.

The Brunswick Boys' Club is to be set up somewhere within a 20-mile radius of London's Mansion House. But there may be other Brunswick Clubs—in Glasgow, Scotland, for example. Ten percent of the funds now being sought by the National Association of Boys' Clubs to improve and increase their 2,000 affiliated clubs is to go to the Brunswick Club. The story of how it began at Oflag 79 has electrified the 200,000 boys in the clubs, who, themselves, hope to raise \$4 each.

Not in the Headlines

No men bite dogs in these items—
but the who, what, when, and where
of common kindness is clarified in
every one of them. We pay a \$5
savings stamp for each such story
used. Send yours in.—*The Editors.*



Calling Card

One day not long ago I parked my car near the courthouse in Miami and went off to shop. When I returned, I found a \$5 bill wrapped around the steering wheel. "Hmmm!" thought I, "another family joke, no doubt"—and I scanned the courthouse steps for the grinning face of my husband or son, both of whom, being lawyers, are often in the vicinity. When I failed to see them, I got out of the car—and then I discovered the dented fender. Someone had sideswiped my car during my absence and had sought to square accounts with the \$5 bill. "The sum did indeed more than cover the bump-shop charges. Remember—that happened in Miami, a city which, to judge from certain magazine articles appearing during the war, is doomed to wickedness."—*MRS. FRANCIS M. MILLER, Miami, Florida.*

Last Word in Courtesy

A certain Rotarian from north of the Rio Grande was scheduled to make a radio speech in Mexico City, Mexico. Entering the building housing the broadcasting station, he learned that the studio was on the fourth floor—with no elevator service available. Radio-station officials who met the speaker in the lobby noted that he walked with great difficulty. The four-flight climb, they concluded, would be impossible for him. So—two of them made a packsaddle with their hands and carried the 175-pound man to the studio. What was even more considerate, the speaker told me, was that, after listening to his speech, they carried him back downstairs—instead of inviting him to jump out of the window.—*PAUL T. VICKERS, McAllen, Texas.*

Plain People

Our car had mired down in Kansas mud, and I had walked through rain and darkness to a farm house. My knock roused an elderly couple from their sleep, but the old farmer cheerfully agreed to pull us out with his team. His horses, which were running loose in the pasture, refused to be caught, however, so—he invited us to stay all night. After a good night's sleep in beds freshly made for us by the farmer's

wife, we found our three pairs of muddy shoes cleaned and polished, breakfast (with hot biscuits!) ready to eat, and the team harnessed for the big pull. Soon our car was out of the mire and ready to go. For no part of their bountiful hospitality would the old farm couple take any pay.—*PAUL W. BURRES, Burlington, Kansas.*

On Faith

"Lady, you want them and you should have them." The proprietor of a little art shop in New York was pressing a pair of wall plaques into my sister's hands. She had just explained to him that, having that day returned from a West Indies cruise, she had no gift funds left. "Take the plaques now and send me the money after you get home," he added.

"But you don't even know me," my sister answered. "I live in Canada."

"That's all right," the dealer replied. "I know you'll pay." Over her protests, he wrapped the plaques, gave my sister a receipted bill for them to aid her passage through customs, and sent her happily on her way with the coveted sculpture and with the ever-refreshing knowledge that there still are people who have a deep faith in their fellowmen.—*E. A. NAYLOR, Essex, Ontario, Canada.*

P. S.—She sent the money.

The Third Soldier

A year or so ago a buddy and I went on a day's auto jaunt from our Army camp and, because gas rationing was still in force, we charted every foot of the trip. All went well until on our way home we missed a turn and came out, after miles of travel, at the edge of a lake where a father and his excited young son were readying a motorboat for a cruise. Reluctantly, we asked the man for some gasoline. "Gee, Daddy," asked the youngster, to whom the boat ride was a long-promised reward, "will they get into trouble like those two soldiers we saw in the movies last night?" "If they don't get back, I think they will," the father replied.

"Well, I can wait till next time," said the boy. The father gave us the fuel and walked away, followed by his son,

who kept looking at the clear blue water.—*CORPORAL EDWARD J. TABOR, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.*

Byron Better Understood

Having majored in Greek in college, I have made a hobby of forming friendships with several hundred Hellenes in many cities. One day recently my wife and I were stopping between trains in a town in North Carolina and as usual I fell into conversation with the proprietor of a Greek cafe. As we discussed the tragedians Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, it occurred to me that I was running short of money and asked my new friend to cash a check. "Sure," he replied. "How much? Ten, 20, 50?" As I reached for my checkbook, he said, "Quick! Run! There's your train! Here's \$20. Write the check when you come back." As we rode along, I thought: "No wonder that Lord Byron perished from exposure at Missolonghi on the Gulf of Patras in his efforts in behalf of these good people."—*J. P. BOOTH, Kinston, North Carolina.*

'No Sale'—but

V. W. ("Joe") Sears, Immediate Past Governor of our Rotary District, tells this story: In a store window in Visalia he saw some furniture which was just what he wanted for his office in Santa Barbara. Entering the store, he told the salesman he did not wish to buy anything, but would like the brand name of the furniture so he might order the same in his home town. The salesman cheerfully supplied the manufacturer's name, and invited Rotarian Sears to sit in the chairs to test their comfort. "Then," relates "Joe," "the salesman performed what I call real Vocational Service: he insisted that my wife and I accompany him to a near-by dentist's to see an office equipped with that type of furniture."—*A. BURTON CLARK, Visalia, California.*

In the Arms of the Law

A certain little teen-aged girl was new in New York. On one of her first rides on the subway she took a train going in the wrong direction—and then discovered that she had no money for a return fare. Panicky, she got off the train and began to walk. After miles of walking she fainted and when she awoke, she was in the arms of a big policeman with blue eyes and black hair. "Air y'u sick, little gairl?" he asked, and when she explained, he put her on a train and paid her fare. "If y'u have any other trouble in Ne' York, little gairl," he added, "jes look for an Oirish policeman!" In deference to that little girl who is now a very self-sufficient young woman—she is a USO entertainer in the South Pacific—I will sign this merely—*HER MOTHER, Petersburg, Virginia.*

Speaking of Books—

With over-the-world settings: Philippine hero Renaissance Italy Race relations in America Albanian life.

By John T. Frederick

Author and Reviewer

FICTION has the largest place on our reading shelf this mid-Summer month. But before we look at some of the varied and interesting new novels, there are two books I want to note and to recommend especially because they hold in such large measure the truest and highest spirit and meaning of Rotary.

One of these books is *The Good Fight*, by Manuel Luis Quezon, the autobiography of a national hero, a great statesman, and a true servant of democracy. This book throws fresh light on the dark early days of the war in the Pacific, and increases the reader's appreciation of the gallantry and integrity of the Filipino people and their leader. It is good reading for its shrewd glimpses of the great and near-great from the United States with whom Manuel Luis Quezon had dealings: his sharp eyes missed little. Above all, it reveals the personality and character of a man whom it is a lasting inspiration to know, a man whose steadfast vision helped mightily to make possible an international relationship—between the Philippine Republic and the United States—which is in its full meaning one of the world's best hopes for peace.

A great international publishing house, the Macmillan Company of England, Canada, and the United States, celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1943 by announcing the Macmillan Centenary Awards for the best book manuscripts submitted by members of the armed

forces of the three countries. In the contest for the United States, the first prize in nonfiction was awarded to the second of the two books which I

wish to note for special recommendation this month: *A Negro's Faith in America*, by Staff Sergeant Spencer Logan. This book discusses the grave and immediate questions of race relations in the United States with truly remarkable fairness, insight, and breadth of understanding. It is genuinely Christian in spirit, and wholly constructive. Yet it is candid, definite—and rightly so, for nothing can be gained by refusal to face facts.

I hope most earnestly that this book will be read by Rotarian leaders in all communities in which race relations present a problem. They will find it profoundly in harmony with the highest ideals of Rotary: the greatest and truest leader of his race, to Spencer Logan, was George Washington Carver, for his selfless devotion to the service of all mankind. If whites and Negroes will work together in the sensible and positive spirit of this book, the future for both races is full of hope.

AN ARMFUL OF NOVELS

And now let's look at some books of fiction, for varied moods of mid-Summer reading. From the flock of recent novels, I've selected five that offer sound and widely varied reading pleasure. On the top of the pile is the latest work of one of the ablest storytellers of them all, W. Somerset Maugham: *Then and Now*. If you're not right up on your Borgias and your Medici, an encyclopedia article on Renaissance Italy may be a good investment as preparation for full enjoyment of this narrative of a dramatic incident in the life of Machiavelli, though the swift action, the sparing but vivid detail, make the novel pleasurable reading with no such background. The major achievement of *Then and Now*, and a very high one, is the characterization of Machiavelli himself: a portrayal that makes him humanly understandable, that integrates



Associated Press Wire photo

TWO YEARS ago, when the late Manuel L. Quezon, President of The Philippines, whose autobiography is reviewed here, was ill in Miami Beach, Fla., this group of Rotarians cheered him with a visit.

him firmly with his time and gives both the man and his ideas—of government and the State, of public and private ethics—startling application to the world of today.

Some of the greatest problems of modern civilization, both in Europe and in America, are stated arrestingly in the dramatic terms of a skillfully told and absorbing novel which I have keenly enjoyed, *Singing Waters*, by Ann Bridge.

The action of this story takes the reader from the diner of the Orient Express to a mountain home in high Albania—and makes him see and feel people and places all the way. In the actual information it gives about Albania and its people, and about the Balkan region generally, this book is well worth reading. But all its brilliant detail of present and past is woven firmly into the decisively dramatic experience of a young woman who is very beautiful, very rich, and very unhappy; and that experience is one very likely to have more than the usual story's meaning for the thoughtful reader. It is the sickness of modern society that Ann Bridge describes here, the sickness that comes from chronic surfeit of things and the loss of ideal values. Rarely has so forceful an indictment of the materialism of our age been shaped in so appealing and skillful a story.

The other three of my five novels are samplings of the life of these United States: three books which have in common their preference for the common experience of ordinary men and women, and a rather wonderful power to record that experience with fidelity, to view it with sympathetic comprehension.

I called *Look to the Mountain*, by Le-Grand Cannon, Jr., one of the very finest novels of the American past I had ever read. *A Mighty Fortress*, by the same author, is a book of the same ex-



HIS college savings lost in a defunct bank, Spencer Logan became (1) servant, (2) merchant, (3) soldier, (4) prize-winning author.

traordinary vitality and value: a book which possesses the very rare quality of revealing the hidden fineness and essential heroism of common people, without in the slightest degree falsifying or sentimentalizing them. Perhaps it is an even greater achievement in one way than *Look to the Mountain*, for it makes understandable to the modern reader something at once difficult and important for him to grasp: the meaning of the Christian ministry to a man truly devoted to it. The New Englanders of this story of two generations ago are as real and sound as the plain food they eat, the horses they drive. I think you'll like this book.

A generation later, a big Middle Western city as background, and we have the America which Louis Zara presents in *Ruth Middleton*. Very close and actual he makes it, that America of busses and bicycles, the carriages and dray horses on city streets, a workingman's home in the days of Bryan and McKinley. But all the liveliness and richness of this sampling of American life serve only as foundation for the amazingly sensitive and penetrating story of one girl's life and inner and outer growth, from babyhood to young womanhood. It is a rare and delicate thing that Louis Zara has achieved here, this intimate story of the girl and her mother, the girl and her father, the girl and her brothers, the girl and other children, step by step and year by year.

Louis Zara has written fine novels before, of large scope and varied substance; but this relatively quiet and simple story was by far his most ambitious undertaking as a writer thus far. He has achieved it triumphantly. I enjoyed *Ruth Middleton* thoroughly and shall continue to enjoy it in memory.

From the America of today, from the strident days and nights of a Midwestern mill town in wartime, comes the last of our three samplings of the texture of life in the United States: *The Devil Is Loneliness*, by Elma K. Lobaugh.

Something of the fundamental social change of two generations is summed up in the steps from LeGrand Cannon's New England farmers to Louis Zara's carpenters and storekeepers to Elma Lobaugh's mill workers: not altogether a pleasant perspective in some ways, but with the inescapable point that the mill workers are as real as those earlier Americans, and that they're here now. Something of the deep philosophical and religious need of the whole Western world—perhaps of the United States most of all—which Ann Bridge describes and diagnoses in *Singing Waters* is harshly real in the futility, the frustration, the loneliness, that are the portion of Babe, Mrs. Lobaugh's big, warm-hearted, untaught woman mill hand from the South. Babe's story is not a

pleasant one, but it is told with taste, with sympathy, with real narrative skill and power that make the novel hard to lay down and hard to forget. This too was a difficult undertaking—the fictional portrayal of a life elemental in both its needs and its frustrations, with a horizon pretty much bounded by the mill, the tavern, the overcrowded family apartment. I feel that it achieves its purpose, and that this purpose is significant: essential, indeed, to a whole reading of today's America.

COLLECTIONS FOR SUMMER READING

Some of the best books to take along on vacation are anthologies, which offer short and long selections, by many authors and in many moods. Exceptional editorial discrimination has gone into the choices for *A Lady's Pleasure*, which carries the subtitle "A Modern Woman's Treasury of Good Reading" and contains an introduction by Ilka Chase. The generous selections in this book display balance, and there's scarcely a wasted page. Nor is this book one to please the woman reader only, by a long way. Emphatically this is a wise vacation choice.

Not so consistently distinguished in the strictly literary sense, but offering exuberant variety in its chosen field, is *The American West*, "A treasury of stories, legends, narratives, songs, and ballads of the American West," edited by William Targ. In the pages of this big book Mark Twain, Jack London, and Bret Harte rub shoulders with Conrad Richter, Stanley Vestal, and Marquis James. Especially fine, among the selections by contemporary writers, are Howard Fast's story "Spoil the Child" and Haniel Long's beautifully written essay, "Piñones."

FOR BOY SCOUTS—AND THEIR DADS

In New Mexico is Philmont Scout Ranch, a real Western ranch which was given to the Boy Scouts of America by Waite Phillips. Samuel D. Bogan took a group of Boy Scouts from New Haven, Connecticut, there on an expedition which centered about archaeological research, meeting scientific standards, in near-by canyon caves where human beings had lived a thousand years before. Mr. Bogan, a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, has made a record of this expedition, a sort of composite diary in that he has drawn on the daily journals kept by the boys as well as on his own. The result is a book of real distinction—rather unfortunately named, since its title, *Let the Coyotes Howl*, suggests nothing of the book's high quality. In its pages we meet real boys, share in their meaningful experience in the presence of Nature and of the prehistoric past, their growth under the discipline of science. Mr. Bogan feels all the values of this experience, and conveys them to his reader in a book genuinely well written and deeply interesting. It carries my wholehearted recommendation to boys and their fathers, and especially to Scout leaders and boys' counsellors.

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New books mentioned, publishers, prices:

The Good Fight, Manuel Luis Quezon (Appleton-Century, \$4).—*A Negro's Faith in America*, Spencer Logan (Macmillan, \$1.75).—*Then and Now*, W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, \$2.50).—*Singing Waters*, Ann Bridge (Macmillan, \$2.75).—*A Mighty Fortress*, LeGrand Cannon, Jr. (Holt, \$2.75).—*Ruth Middleton*, Louis Zara (Creative Age Press, \$3).—*The Devil Is Loneliness*, Elma K. Lobaugh (A. A. Wyn, \$2.50).—*A Lady's Pleasure* (William Penn Publishing Corp., \$2.75).—*The American West*, edited by William Targ (World Publishing Co., \$2.75).—*Let the Coyotes Howl*, Samuel D. Bogan (Putnam, \$2.50).

Captive Eagle




Yesterday he was blood brother to an eagle,
Setting his course by white and singing stars,
Today he packs bread loaves in a market basket
And sells green Summer captured in tins and jars.

A pencil behind his ear, he wears an apron,
And clutches an invoice to check the merchandise by,
He weighs hamburger, frowns when he remembers
That his silver wings once curved the lupine sky.

And yet, sometimes when he hears a motor's thunder,
His head lifts quickly, his eyes are hurt and proud,
Then his eager heart goes out from his duty-bound body,
And streaks away on a crimson sunset cloud.

—Alma Robison Higbee



"BY MIDAFTERNOON I was feeling a little off color and took to drinking a lot of water."

A true tale of the influence of a very wise man on a boy.

'Never Be One of a Crowd'

By LeRoy E. Turner

Rotarian, Alhambra, California

IT IS HARD to believe that it is 36 years ago, but—

I can see him today as I first saw him then—a gaunt, bright-eyed, dynamic little gnome of a man with a cinnamon beard and rusty gray hair. His quick, explosive stride always seemed to leave his loose, fluttering apparel half a stride to the rear. He was forever in a hurry, and there was always a certain air of impatience about him as if the sun were leaving the world behind. That was in the Fall of 1909—when I was a lad of 16.

At that time we had a ranch, near Calgary, in the fertile wheat belt of southern Alberta. It seemed natural that my father, a retired engineer and a lover of everything mechanical, should have about every known piece of agricultural equipment from a potato digger to a big steam plowing and threshing outfit. Crews were recruited from the influx of the harvester excursions. Here, men from all walks of life sought relaxation, adventure, rejuvenation, or release. Here, the tide of fortune swelled with a strange mass of human flotsam and jetsam. They would come out of the dawn, to bend to the servitude of the day, and disappear into the dusk.

Harvest was well advanced and threshing season was just getting underway. I was helping George Porter, the separator man, overhaul the concaves and cylinder of the thresher when a pleasant little voice with an Irish brogue piped at our very shirt tails:

"Nade an anginair?"

The surprise spun us abruptly about.

He parried our astonishment with an apologetic wave of his hand and flamed ahead:

"Moy name ase Felix McKenna and Oim a stame alaktric anginair and Oi can run anything except women—"

George recovered to blurt that we had an engineer.

"Well, foin!" beamed the little man. "If Oi can't be king. Oi'll be prince. Nade a foreman?"

"No," said George, "but we need a tank man."

"Foin!" exclaimed Felix. "Then Oi'll be prince consort."

George laughed, completely relaxed. "Damned if I wouldn't just like to hire you to have you around. Where did you—?"

"Oh, shure, Oi was akspecting that. Oi came from Timbaktu. When do we work?"

"In a couple of days—maybe tomorrow," responded George. "But don't you want to know what wages we'll pay you?"

"Oh, Oi know all about that. You'll poly twenty-foive cents less than the prevailing wage—if Oi would allow it."

So thus I met this most unforgettable character whose dancing eyes and laughing mind seemed forever to review the world with amusement and barbed wit and homespun philosophy. And at once I felt strangely drawn toward him.

One Sunday afternoon when the crew was lolling about pitching horseshoes, Indian wrestling, and lifting weights, I found myself pitting my immature strength in the competitions. Felix was

sitting on an upturned pail in the shade of the pump house, watching. Suddenly something stung the side of my face like a shot from an air rifle from the direction of the pump house. Felix curled a beckoning finger.

"What did you do that for?" I demanded.

"For your own good, me boy. It's a little trick of mine," he said packing his corncob pipe with fresh tobacco. "Never be one of a crowd—crowds are rabble. The idea of you a mere lad weight-lifting and brawling with riffraff. Me boy, be an individual, stand apart from the crowd, and use your head instead of your back. Your worth from your chin up is a hundredfold your worth from your chin down."

One day after Felix had been promoted to fireman, the new tank man upset the tank at the creek and broke the wagon tongue. Of course, to appear masculine, I cursed.

"Now, now, me boy," exclaimed Felix. "Why don't you go back to school? Cursing is only the want for better words."

The season was running along nicely when one Saturday afternoon we pulled into the Esplin ranch and set up for operations. George Porter, who was chief of activities, declared we had turned out a big week and that we would lay off until Monday morning. So everybody stampeded for town in every available vehicle—everybody except Felix. I felt that he was eying me, so I wistfully watched the last wagon leave for town, and yearning to join Jim Brownlee's crowd. Felix said nothing

and very carefully left me to my own.

About dusk I sauntered over to the chuck wagon to rustle a meal. The cook and his flunkies had gone with the crowd, but here was Felix preparing a feast fit for a king.

"Oi like to cook," he broke in. "In fact, it is a very good habit, me boy, to like anything you have to do. It rolls back the clouds to let the sunshine through. Oi have rustled a couple of nags, and after we eat we'll just ride over to a neighboring ranch in search o' a fortune. You know, me boy, friends are always worth a fortune—and you may meet a friend."

"But," I responded, "I don't like meeting strangers."

"Well, bless me," ejaculated Felix, "you mustn't be that way. Meeting people is fun. Each person you meet is the only one of his kind. It's a game. When you meet people, you grow; and the more people you meet, the bigger you get. You look each newcomer over and say to yourself, 'Well, just what good points is there about you that Oi would like to add to myself?' Do this and you'll be wanting to meet people."

So thus, as we rode over to the C. C. Ranch, I ventured on a new game that I found more and more fun to play.

The Robinson girls were there and so was Billy Klink—a puncher from the Bar U. Felix produced a harmonica and the dance was on. What a night! What a riot of fun! And what music! Felix was a master of the harmonica, but ever after its very mention was taboo.

It was nearly sunup when we got back to the outfit. George Porter and Guy Manning were just turning into their bunks.

"Did you hear the news?" queried George. "All the gang but three got likkered up and started to clean up the town. Seven of them are in jail. And coming home Brownlee's gang and McFadden's decided to race each other back to the outfit. Well, as they turned into Squaw Coulee, their wheels interlocked and both wagons turned over down the hillside, spilling 16 men. Two fellows have broken legs, one has a broken collarbone, and Brownlee and Orser, the engineer, are unconscious in the High River Hospital. We'll have only a half a crew for Monday morning. Ain't that hell?"

"Well," drawled Felix, "it all adds up—a lotta men with a lotta time and a lotta money is always a lotta hell. Well, Oi guess that moiks me king? Am Oi right?"

"Yes," said George, "you run the engine. The kid can take over the firing."

"Faith be it. And you would have me know that all this time Oi a been doin' a boy's chore?" Felix bantered.

"So it would seem," grinned George, "but it was well done."

"Foine! Those little words *well done* adds the nectar to the flower."

One beautiful Indian Summer day we had been pounding at a 300-acre field of very heavy oats and the old steamer was using lots of fuel and water. So Felix assured George that he and the

kid could keep the old "teakettle" asingin'. And we did. But by midafternoon I was feeling a little off color and took to drinking a lot of water. "You look like death at the resurrection," the little Irishman remarked. "What's the matter?"

"I think it is the heat," was my only retort.

Felix ponderingly thumbed the bowl of his corncob pipe.

When the hum of the machine died with the last glimmer of the day, I strolled a field and bedded down in a grain stook. Here I could die (and I felt sure I would). It was something sniff-

"I CAN see him today
as I first saw him then."

ing that eventually awakened me. It was the cook's dog, with Felix. "Don't worry, you're going to live—they always do," said Felix. "You storied to me this afternoon. Oi knew you had been chewing tobacco by the way you were drinking water and mopping your teeth with your tongue. Come along. Let's go back to the engine where it is warm."

The nausea was nearly gone and I stumbled to benumbed feet. Felix lent a steadying hand: "Take a tip from an old man, me boy, and don't shackle and poison a fresh young mind and body with enslaving habits. Be thine own master."

"But *you* smoke," I interrupted. "You have your pipe."

"Yes, me boy, Oi have me pipe. It's me pet. But never do Oi smoke it. For 20 years it was master of me, and now for 30 years Oi have been master of it. Oi just carry it to mock its power and to exercise a greater courage within me. The power of *will* is akin to physical strength—it requires exercise."

The season was growing late and the harvest was nearly over. The skies developed an overcast and a northwest wind picked up momentum and raged into a blizzard. The men got restless and weary of sitting around. At the breakfast call one morning, Felix was missing. In a panic I raced to the bunkhouse. His bunk was bare, his bedroll gone. On the padded straw lay an envelope addressed to me. My worst fears were realized. Felix was gone.

I tore open the envelope. In it was a message neatly pencilled on a plain white sheet—and two soiled, time-worn poems: *Abou ben Adhem* and the Lord's Prayer. I struggled with the message through my tears:

Long years before she took passage on the Great White Ship, my mother gave me these copies of *Abou ben Adhem* and the Lord's Prayer to carry always. I have done so up to now. Her boat is afar at sea, and mine will soon be leaving port.

I wanted you to have them—and now, me boy, they're yours. I hope that you, like Abou ben Adhem, may love your fellowman and live in the spirit of forgiveness for the trespassing of Old Felix and his kindred. But always, me boy, have divine faith, deep courage, and high resolve. These will glow within you like a celestial beacon to light your way to useful manhood—and give you a wonderful excuse for having lived.—Old Felix.

I jumped on my saddle horse and raced the train to the station six miles away. But Felix was not there. I never saw him again.

A few months later I picked up a *Calgary Herald* and on an inside page my eye caught what might have been a space filler:

BODY FOUND

The body of a man believed to be one Felix McKenna was found dead in a boxcar on a siding near Red Deer. Death is believed to be from natural causes. Police are hunting for any known relatives.

Often have I wondered. . . . But, if not then, long since has his Great White Ship put out to sea.



Illustrations by
Wm. Aubrey Gray



Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

● **Rutin Ready.** Rutin, a drug effective in reducing the increased fragility of small blood vessels which may lead to blinding or fatal hemorrhages in case of high blood pressure, will go into full-scale commercial production this year. The discovery that the green buckwheat plant is an economical source of the drug followed a two-year search for such a plant and makes possible the commercial manufacture of rutin, which is a bright yellow, non-toxic powder.

● **Superabrasives.** A superabrasive compound for wheels or other cutting or grinding tools is made by embedding industrial diamond particles in a matrix which is itself highly abrasive. This matrix is composed, preferably, of boron or silicon carbide, mixed with nickel, chromium, or iron powder. The whole is pressed into the desired form under enormous pressure and heated sufficiently to sinter the metal. The production of such wheels is an English invention.

● **Combination Plow.** A plow company is now making a new combination which turns the surface of the soil in the usual fashion and is equipped with a cutter running about four inches below the base of the moldboard. In other words, it is a combination of the new cutter plow with one of regular type, and is said to combine the merits of both plows.

● **Three-Way Grass Spray.** Combining a weed killer, a fertilizer, and a fungicide in solution for single application to grass and possibly other crops begins to look like a feasible short cut. Working at the Plant Industry Station at Beltsville, Maryland, two scientists tried out, as a grass spray, mixtures of the herbicide 2, 4-D, the nitrogen fertilizer urea, and the fungicide feramate. They learned that application of 2,4-D solution, with enough urea to provide 60 pounds to the acre, made the grass a strong green color within a few days and the weed-killing power of the 2,4-D was as good as when used alone. As a result of killing the weeds and feeding the turf, the yield of valuable herbage increased 40 to 131 percent in two months. However, when the grass got 90 pounds of urea to the acre along with the 2,4-D solution, it was severely injured for a time.

● **Secret Is Out!** Before and during World War II the composition and method of producing "Eulan CN," the German "colorless dye" used to moth-proof woolens, was a deep secret. Eulan

has advantage of nontoxicity to humans with perfect resistance to washing and dry cleaning, and can be applied like any acid dye with a regular dye bath or alone. Thus the goods may turn out colorless or dyed as desired. The treated fabrics become permanently moth-proofed and entirely odorless. Though Eulan is doubtless the best mothproofing material, it has the disadvantage of relatively high cost.

● **Doubling the Yield.** When, by a new strain of hybrid corn or any other crop, a farmer is able to double his yield, that is world news—and that is just what two University of Wisconsin scientists have done with their new Q-176 strain of penicillium notatum. The crop, of course, is not corn, but something much more precious: penicillin. The scientists started with the Northern Research Laboratory's X-1612 strain of penicillin mold and treated only some 500 different samples with ultraviolet light and were lucky enough, in so small a number of trials, to produce a mutant that yields fully twice the usual amount of penicillin. Usually many thousands of trials are required before a really valuable new strain results. This all means that the cost of penicillin will be again reduced.

● **Slick Slacks.** A melamine-formaldehyde resin can be used to impregnate the tiny hollows of textile fibers, thereby cutting down shrinkage and wrinkling especially of woolens, and increasing the wear and crease retention. If

you do not like baggy trousers or dresses, this resin seems to be the answer. When applied to wool garments, greater coolness, lighter weight, and greater strength result. The creases in men's trousers and the accordion pleating in skirts are stabilized. The use of the synthetic resin will increase the thickness of the cloth and decrease the amount of the wool.

● **Driving Visors.** Many of us have been using polarizing sun glasses for some time. Now comes the announcement of polarizing plastic filters which cut out the glare of the sun on the highway, but transmit abundant light. These light shields are to be mounted on a lightweight frame which will either slip into the regular standard automobile visor or into a special frame for holding it.

● **Many Nylons.** Nylons are not just hard-to-get stockings, but a family of related plastics having imposing industrial possibilities because of extreme toughness, good electrical insulating properties, high softening temperatures, low inflammability, and resistance to solvents. Nylons may be tailored to meet specific requirements in stretch, tensile strength, flexibility, and impact strength. Toughness and flexibility make nylon suitable as a leather substitute. Its high resistance to temperatures, flexing, and electrical effects should make it useful for rubber applications to wiring. Its high abrasion resistance makes possible superior silk screens for printing of pigments on ceramics. In the form of coarse single filaments called "monofils," nylon is superior to natural products for such articles as fishing leaders, racquet strings, brush bristles, and tire cord. Its high elasticity coupled with slow return makes it ideal for parachute cloth and especially for the ropes for the launching of gliders.

● **ANTU.** Rodents cost the citizens of the United States more than 500 million dollars a year and from the standpoint of loss in human life have taken a greater toll than all the wars of the world. To date there is no successful Pied Piper to lead them to the river, but there have been those who have tried. One was made as an intermediate for dyestuff, but turned out to be a rat poison. Actually alpha naphthyl thio urea (ANTU)—that's its name—was first made back in 1925. To Curt P. Richter, of Johns Hopkins University, goes credit for selecting from several hundred thio ureas the one which is most effective and the one which the rats like the best. The reason for its fatal effect on rodents lies in their inability to vomit. It is so slightly soluble that properly made up it is tasteless to rats and only a little is fatal—actually as little as two-millionths of the body weight.

* * *

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



ENTERPRISING lads can now mold their own plastic toys or badges—or tees for their golfing dads—with this miniature molding machine. Pellets of plastic are fed into an electrically heated loading chamber, melted, then molded in a pattern at the bottom of the machine. The molder can be plugged into any electrical outlet and creates no mess.

Why Not Rammed Earth?

This practicable construction method has been used for ages. It may be the answer for many who now dream of new homes and civic edifices.

By Gina Allen

Author and Educator



CONSTRUCTION views show two types of rammed-earth structures: solid wall (left)



WANTED: Millions of new low-cost homes—at once!

No matter how you classify that hypothetical want ad, it blazons an acute need with headline force.

Lack of skilled labor, critical material shortages, and high costs will prevent standard types of construction from filling the need promptly. Therefore, why not reexamine a time-tested method that skirts all these obstacles: rammed earth?*

It may not solve the problem for everyone, but maybe it will for you—if you can get unskilled labor. Just what is rammed earth? It's not adobe. It's not brick. It's not stone or concrete. No, it's simply a proper mixture of clay, sand, and water, all rammed or pounded together into a compact mass to make walls. When it dries, it becomes rocklike and resembles shale in appearance and structure. Its qualities are summed up by Ralph L. Patty, of the South Dakota State College, in this manner: "It would be practically impossible to equal a wall of this kind, which is almost a perfect insulator; at the same time being fireproof, soundproof, weatherproof, and proof against termites and white ants. A rammed-earth wall made of satisfactory soil and stuccoed properly is absolutely permanent in its construction."

You need no expensive tools or spe-

cial training to build a house of rammed earth. Anyone with strong arms and experience in making mud pies probably can qualify. The principal requisites are a wooden frame to contain the wall and a couple of 15-pound tampers. Size the frame for convenience—say, about 2½ or 3 feet deep and 10 feet long, with no top, no bottom, and but one end. Bolt the frame to your concrete foundation. Shovel in four to six inches of earth and tamp it, first with a wedge-shaped or small-headed rammer until the soil is well compacted, and then with a large, flat-headed one. When your ramming produces a sharp, metallic ring, you've gone far enough. Shovel in another layer of earth and repeat the operation.

After you've made a frameful of wall, remove the bolts, detach the frame, and slide it along for the next section. Doors and windows you either set inside your wall box or adjust the end of the box so that it is aligned with the end of the door or window frame. Use dowels or triangular-shaped blocks of wood to attach these and other fixtures like lamps and plumbing firmly to the wall. Having circled the entire foundation, step

*See *Houses 'Dirt Cheap,'* by Selma Robinson, *THE ROTARIAN*, August, 1939.

†*How to Build Your Own Home of Earth*, John Edward Kirkham, 38 pp., Engineering Experiment Station, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

up to a second layer. Repeat till the wall is as high as the plans specify.

Success depends on two factors: (1) the soil itself, and (2) mixing it properly. You can test the soil yourself, but it's easier to dig up several samples and send them to agricultural experiment stations like the one at South Dakota State College, which analyze them for a nominal fee. Experiments indicate that a sand content between 50 and 67 percent is best. If the earth contains too much clay, it will crack in drying; if too much sand, it will disintegrate.

To make it clot, the earth must be damp—just enough to produce a trace of water when a fistful is lumped in the hand. If the lump drips water freely, it's too wet; if it crumbles under pressure, it's not wet enough.

Variations of the rammed-earth process have been developed. In Stillwater, Oklahoma, for instance, John Edward Kirkham, of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, after years of research, hit upon a system of making "bricks" of rammed earth and then cementing them together with an earthen mortar.† He builds his blocks in wooden frames 15 inches long, 5 inches deep, and 8 inches wide, ramming each block separately and then setting it out to "cure" for about a week. He mixes Portland cement into the earth in a ra-

tio of three pints for every block. Then he sprinkles the mixture with a copper-sulphate solution, using a pound (10 cents' worth) in 50 gallons of water. The copper sulphate mixes the cement and earth better and also makes the blocks impervious to organic decay and insects.

About ten years ago this one-time civil engineer built a modern five-room bungalow of these blocks in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas for \$887.80. It was the forerunner of many others there and in Stillwater. Some are simple cottages; others are elaborate two-story homes with glass-panelled observ-

buildings, not because of any structural weakness, but because building codes designate only *permissible* types of construction and specification writers often are ignorant of rammed earth.

The same unfamiliarity makes finance companies shy about extending loans. The outstanding example probably is the United States Federal Housing Administration. It never granted loans for rammed-earth houses, yet such construction was being employed by other Federal agencies.

In addition, there is a psychological force, particularly prevalent in the United States, which impels those in

on nothing more than an idea, some secondhand materials, hard work, and perseverance.

Valuable assistance in the construction of rammed-earth dwellings will be found in the reports of experienced workers. Pamphlets have been published by State experiment stations and Federal agencies, including the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Standards, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.*

Because rammed-earth construction requires no special skill, it offers a solution to other structural problems besides private housing. It is especially

ad block. This 30-by-50-foot, six-room stuccoed house, complete with two-car garage, was erected for \$2,300, if you don't count the owners' own labor.



Photos: (far left) Wide World; (right) Mrs. Virgil Laird

atories and sun decks. All cost less than half that of similar frame construction.

Though rammed earth is usually confined to one- or two-story buildings, it has been used in taller structures. Sweden has some five stories high.

Since before the time of recorded history rammed earth has been used in the construction of homes. In Normandy this type of construction dates from 3,000 to 10,000 B.C., while in the Rhone Valley in France rammed-earth houses between 600 and 900 years old are still occupied and in good condition. In Charleston, South Carolina, there's a church whose dirt walls have survived two earthquakes undamaged. And in Washington, D. C., is a house built in 1773 which resisted all efforts of a wrecking contractor to demolish it.

Records like these attest to the permanence of rammed-earth construction; yet it never has been popular. The reasons are many. With material available and free right at the building site, wall costs can be slashed an estimated 75, 50, and 25-30 percent, respectively, under brick, concrete, and frame construction.

Without benefit of commercial promotion or publicity, rammed earth has remained relatively unknown. Some cities inadvertently proscribe rammed-earth

the lower economic strata to want homes built of the same materials used by people in the higher-income brackets.

None of this, of course, detracts from rammed earth's intrinsic value. A rammed-earth wall 15 inches thick will provide a warmer house than any other conventional wall of the same thickness. Take that indestructible Washington house, which had walls 27 inches thick. When it was restored, an addition—not of rammed earth—was built. In Winter the old structure is 20 degrees warmer than the new; in Summer the old building is comfortably cool while the modern section sizzles.

The one serious drawback of rammed earth is the personal labor required. Heretofore you had to be your own contractor. That usually meant working a couple of hours each evening and on week-ends. However, the whole process is a mighty challenge to youthful ambition. Veterans of World War II, casting about for a business of their own, could do worse than putting rammed-earth blocks or monolithic walls on a mass-production basis. In the hands of an enterprising young man an old automobile motor, some belts, pulleys, lumber, and scraps of metal might become compressors and jackhammers pounding out the blocks and walls in jig time. Many a successful business was begun

suitable for farm buildings, and it might well be the answer to prompt erection of "living war memorials," such as libraries, museums, and community centers, especially in smaller towns, which in all likelihood could not marshal the skilled labor needed for conventional construction, but which have sufficient manpower to mix and ram earthen walls or blocks during odd hours and on week-ends. Stillwater has already pioneered in this direction. Its community center is made with Mr. Kirkham's blocks.

Shortages may plague the builders of conventional structures, but the material for rammed-earth buildings is not hard to find. Just dig under your feet and watch that modern, attractive, inexpensive, fire-and-weather-and-vermin-proof, durable house or public building rise from the earth!

**Rammed Earth Walls for Buildings*, Farmers' Bulletin No. 1500, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., 1937. 5c.

Rammed Earth Walls for Farm Buildings, by Ralph L. Patty and L. W. Minium. Bulletin No. 277, South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Brookings, South Dakota, 1938.

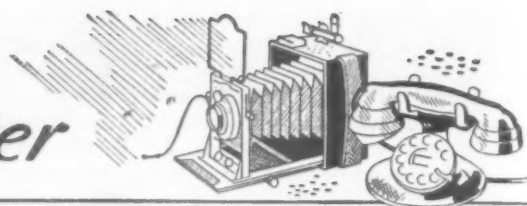
The Relationship of Colloids in Soil to Its Favorable Use in Pisé or Rammed Earth Walls, by Ralph L. Patty. Bulletin No. 298, South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Brookings, South Dakota, 1936.

Paints and Plasters for Rammed Earth Walls, by Ralph L. Patty. Bulletin No. 336, South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Brookings, South Dakota, 1940.

Rotary Clubs
5,826

Rotarians
276,500

Rotary Reporter



From Fairs a Fairer Fare

Fairs—there are all types—are popular almost everywhere in the world. For instance, the Rotary Club of PUNTARENAS, COSTA RICA, recently sponsored a fair for the benefit of French children and old people, through which they realized 2,000 colones (\$355). The funds were turned over to the French legation, to be sent to France. . . . Besides recreation and entertainment, the Rotary Club of WEST PLAINS, Mo., netted approximately \$3,500 at its recent Rotary carnival. The money will be used for community betterment.

Behind the Music: Concerted Effort

Rotarians of MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, were given an opportunity to score an "assist" recently when the Rotary Clubs of near-by WARRACKNABEAL and HORSHAM staged concerts in their respective towns, for the rehabilitation of service personnel. The concert party was engaged in MELBOURNE, and Rotarians living there were asked to solve the transportation problem.

Many Clubs Aid British Children

Rotarians of BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA, received some mail which they are likely to keep. It is a bundle of letters from English school children, written to thank them for chocolate and toys sent some months before. They told, in their simplicity, of the sufferings which the youngsters had undergone. One miss wrote: "I am writing this to say thank you for the lovely chocolate you sent me. My house was blasted out by a doodle bug. There were five people killed and nine injured." Included with the letters is one from a Rotarian, a member of the LYTHAM ST. ANNES Rotary Club, telling of proposing a toast to the Rotary Club of BRISBANE. He wrote: "In view of the

news just published . . . that BRISBANE is sending 22,000 cases of food . . . I can assure you the toast was well received."

Rotarians from other areas are still sending food and clothing to help the needy of Europe. For instance, the Rotary Club of WADSWORTH, OHIO, recently subscribed \$300—which will purchase 4,800 pounds of a special relief cereal, or 2,100 pounds of dried whole milk. . . . The Rotary Club of PAEROA, NEW ZEALAND, recently purchased 20 parcels of necessities from the Club's Sunshine Fund for immediate dispatch to England. Then members added to their weekly luncheon cost in order to send another parcel every week. . . . Not forgetting their friends in PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, Rotarians of PLYMOUTH, MICH., recently staged a clothing drive, sending the supplies to the English Club for distribution. Also participating in the drive was the Rotary Club of LIVONIA, MICH.

Harrow Builds Scout Home

The happiest Rotary Clubs are the busiest; and the busier the members are, the more loyal they are to the Club and the ideal of Rotary. That is the consensus of the Rotary Club of HARROW, ONT., CANADA, since it started a recent project to sponsor—and build—a home for local Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. A contractor member is supervising the work.

Purebred Calves Put Up As Prizes

The Rotary Club of WALKER, MINN., recently announced that a purebred dairy calf would be awarded to the Cass County 4-H Clubber who writes the best essay on how the 4-H dairy foundation project would help him in starting a foundation herd. The first heifer calf raised by the winner will be turned back to the Club, then

given to another 4-H youth. . . . Purebred livestock is also being pushed by the Rotary Club of PULASKI, TENN. The Club has announced that it will present a registered Jersey heifer to the Giles County 4-H Clubber making the best dairying record for 1945 and 1946.

Tupelo Hits Trail of Friendship

At least twice each year the Rotary Club of TUPELO, MISS., sponsors a trip to an adjoining community. Upon receiving an invitation, the TUPELO Rotarians and their ladies make the jaunt, building friendship, goodwill, and business contacts. Every community which has been visited has said, "Come again!"

Youths Write on Peace Problems

Great interest has been aroused in the problems of world peace in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, as elsewhere around the world. The reason for the particular interest is here: The county's Rotary Clubs, of which there were then five, have sponsored essay contests for the past two years for students of the 12 high schools. The 1945 winner was Jean Plunkett, then of RUPERT; while this year's top prize was won by Pat Reese, of ALDERSON. Even greater interest and participation in future essay contests are anticipated.



Jean Plunkett

India Puts Accent on Health

As elsewhere, Rotary Clubs in India are making progress. The AJMER Club has placed orders for medical appliances and apparatus to equip six centers in the city and give medical aid to the public; a hygiene bulletin printed in Hindi and Urdu is being distributed; and plans are being made to show films on health and sanitation. . . . Sponsored at a local Rotary Club meeting two years ago, a scheme for children wards in a CALCUTTA hospital came to reality when the wards containing 50 beds were recently opened.

Dollars Ease Way for Scholars

Rotary Club interest in youth is reflected in many ways. Rotary-provided scholarships and loans have launched many a promising career. The Rotary Club of LEON, IOWA, is providing a \$100 scholarship to the leading local high-school graduate. . . . A plan has been inaugurated by the Rotary Club of MARYVILLE, Mo., which when it gets into full swing three years hence will furnish four \$240 scholarships for four students at a local college. . . . In FRANKFORT, IND., the Rotary Club has



THE "GAY NINETIES" were relived at a recent ladies' night affair sponsored by the Rotary Club of Leavenworth, Kans. Everyone appeared in attire which had long since been retired to attic trunks. This bemustached barber-shop quartette provided the harmony.

maintained a Student Loan Fund for more than a decade, obtaining the funds as donations by members in memory of departed friends or relatives. The plan was recently expanded to permit other than Club members to contribute. . . . The HEMSTEAD, N. Y., Rotary Club has a Student Loan Fund to encourage youths attending a local college—awarded on a basis of academic ability, moral character, and qualities of leadership. . . . The Rotary Club of MIAMI, FLA., has provided a scholarship to enable a Brazilian student in odontology to continue his studies in the United States. . . . Through another international arrangement a Past District Governor and member of the Rotary Club of PERGAMINO, ARGENTINA, has arranged to pay for a year's practice at a BUENOS AIRES hospital for a young Brazilian doctor.

Named for a departed member, a scholarship is being offered by the Rotary Club of OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA, to stimulate and encourage students of local schools to be more proficient in public speaking. There will be awards of \$300, \$150, and five prizes of \$30 each. . . . In LA GRANDE, OREG., the Rotary Club has contributed all-tuition freshman scholarships aggregating more than \$1,000 for students at a local college. The project is now in its third year.

It's 'Ship Ahoy!' at San Pedro

A year ago members of the Rotary Club of SAN PEDRO, CALIF., embarked upon a meeting at sea. They enjoyed themselves so much that when their host, a fellow member and boat builder, asked them to cruise again, the invitation was quickly accepted by 40 persons. There was an informal meeting on the afterdeck, and entertainment by Radio Comedian Bob Burns. Some of them tried their luck at fishing, with honors going to a member who hadn't tackled the sport for 20 years.

It's 'Welcome' to 45 More Clubs! Greetings and congratulations are due 45 more Rotary Clubs—38 which have just been added to the roster of Rotary International, and seven which have been readmitted. They are (with sponsor Clubs in parentheses):

Arcadia (Punta Gorda), Fla.; Merlin (Blenheim), Ont., Canada; Newport



IF ROTARIANS of Burlingame, Calif., find it difficult to keep their feet on the ground, it may be because of a recent meeting, held at the San Francisco Airport, when they made a tour of the 'port facilities and enjoyed flights over the Bay area in this giant airship.



PERCY D. BULL (left), President of the Rotary Club of Waikiki, Hawaii, and 1945-46 President Henry Judd inspect the memorial fountain erected in honor of Paul Mead, long-time Secretary of the Rotary Club.



NEW MEMBERS of the Rotary Club of Maryville, Mo., get an early and graphic picture of the "process" of Rotary through this come-apart wheel devised by F. C. Miller.



NO, THIS isn't a nursery scene. It depicts the appropriate atmosphere which prevailed at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Regina, Sask., Canada, when 14 new members were bedecked with baby bonnets and served milk in benipped bottles—as an initiation stunt.

(Rockwood), Mich.; Parker (Butler), Pa.; San Javier (Apóstoles), Argentina; Charlotte (Pleasanton, Jourdan, and Poteet), Tex.; Maynard (Marlboro), Mass.; Karwar (Belgaum), India; Balclutha (Dunedin), New Zealand; Glencoe (Watford), Ont., Canada; Hillman (Alpena), Mich.; Listowel (Stratford), Ont., Canada; Stephenville, Tex.; Kingsville (Middle River), Md.; Anna-Jonesville (Herrin), Ill.; Leandro N. Alem (Apóstoles), Argentina; Kajaani, Finland; Chester (Morristown), N. J.; Bellegarde sur Valserine, France.

Bodo, Norway; Ringkobing (Holstebro and Herning), Denmark; Biggs (Gridley and Chico), Calif.; Todmorden, England; Blaydon, England; Redcar, England; Denton, England; Penrith, England; Runcorn, England; Saint Omer (Lille), France; Rupert (White Sulphur Springs), W. Va.; Skiatook (Hominy), Okla.; Tarentum-Brackenridge (New Kensington), Pa.; Ballard (Seattle), Wash.; Yarrawonga-Mulwala (Corowa), Australia; Shephed, England; Clayton (Eufaula), Ala.; Clinton (Fulton), Ky.; and Trelleborg, Sweden.

Readmitted

Príbram, Czechoslovakia; Haugesund, Norway; Hankow, China; Egersund, Norway; Ipoh, Federated Malay States; Davao, The Philippines; and Patras, Greece.

Man and Boy! That's the Plan

For several years Project Number One of the Rotary Club of FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA., has been Girl Scouting. Now the Club is launching a "Big Brother" plan as Project Number Two, offering every member an opportunity to identify himself with the work of the local juvenile court. Working through the Club's Youth Activities Committee, the members will be pals of boys who need a friend.

Books, Magazines for the Aussies

The importance of distributing recent issues of THE ROTARIAN to camps, schools, and institutions was stressed at a recent Rotary District 65 Assembly in Australia. The idea is working elsewhere in the land "down under," for the Rotary Club of SYDNEY has declared the first Thursday of each month "Books and Magazines for Soldiers Day."

Tiny Tots Turn Tables

Most Rotary Clubs do their part through the years to lighten life's problems for tiny tots. Sometimes it happens that the youngsters can re-

verse the process—as they do annually in CLOQUET, MINN. There a kindergarten band puts on an annual program at a Rotary meeting. . . . But slightly more experienced were the “speakers” at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of the SOUTH SIDE OF ST. JOSEPH, MO. The program was a reading demonstration by a group of first-grade pupils.

Care and Hope for Crippled Children Remember the picture of the spacious “dream” haven—Wooden Camp—which appeared on page 38 in THE ROTARIAN for June, 1946? Now comes word that the \$100,000 proj-

ect, sponsored by Rotary and other service clubs and organizations of Ontario Province is nearly paid for. The latest count showed the total collected had reached \$87,000. . . . A psychometric clinic for cerebral palsied children has been established under the auspices of the University of Southern California, through the efforts of Rotarians—sponsors, founders, and officers of two crippled children's societies—who have co-sponsored a joint initial endowment of \$5,000 for that purpose.

A crippled-children program which was started by the Rotary Club of SHARON, PA., in 1923 was expected to run but

Photo: Teisa



THIS collection of honey, edible fats, and tinned meats was gathered by members of

the Rotary Club of Wanganui, New Zealand, and has been dispatched to feed Britons.



IN SPITE of a drizzle, their sale was no fizzle. Rotarians of Manchester, Conn., turned nurserymen for a day, selling all

manner of fine flowering shrubs, roses, and fruit trees, realizing some \$200 for the benefit of the Club's crippled-children activities.



ROTARIAN A. H. Barofsky, of Ellsworth, Kans., knows now that his son Robert, who fell in World War II, lies among friends. He sought information about the boy's rest-

ing place from the Secretary of the Rotary Club of Liège, Belgium. The reply included this photo, showing a number of Liège Rotarians paying their respects to the hero.

a year or two. Need for the service continued to grow, until the Club could no longer handle it, so a county-wide society was formed to carry on the work. There are now more than 500 active cases attending the monthly free clinics. The society operates a school for children suffering from cerebral palsy, and carries on in many other lines.

Roses and Gowns Attract 200 Ladies As everyone knows, Rotary Conventions are an attraction for the ladies as well as for Rotarians. Members of the Rotary Club of PHILADELPHIA, PA., are still hearing about the clever attendance stimulator which they instigated before the recent Rotary Convention in near-by ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. They sponsored a roses and raiment style show which attracted some 200 ladies.

They Place the Accent on Youth Through their activities, Rotary Clubs around the world find ways of placing a heavy accent on youth. Note these typical examples: Rotarians of NEW BRITAIN, CONN., recently contributed \$750 for the expansion of facilities at the local Boy Scout camp, including the construction of six cabins which will be named in honor of the Club. . . . Pamphlets were recently distributed by the Rotary Club of CLARKSBURG, W. VA., welcoming returning war veterans, and inviting them to participate in the extension and expansion of Scouting in the area. . . . Bright students—119 of them—in the public schools of BOTUCATU, BRAZIL, were recently rewarded by the local Rotary Club. They were presented with savings books. . . . Another successful vocational-guidance day was recently held in PULASKI, TENN., under sponsorship of the local Rotary Club (see THE ROTARIAN for June, 1944, for an earlier report). . . . The Youth Committee of the Rotary Club of MOSCOW, IDAHO, recently culminated many years of activity by providing a fully equipped youth center, with a full-time trained supervisor—thanks to the generosity of a Moscow Rotarian. . . . Backing the local Sea Scouts, the Rotary Club of ALBANY, OREG., is planning to erect a clubhouse in the shape of a ship, on the shore of a little lake near the city.

Rotary Quiz Does 'the Biz' The entire membership of the Rotary Club of YORK, PA., knows that there is a Rotary Educational Committee in their Club. They know other answers, too, for the Committee recently put on a program—a quiz program, that is. (Questions asked were somewhat along the line of those included in A Rotary Quiz in THE ROTARIAN for May, 1946.)

Limelight Shines Again Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH., recently basked in the limelight again. An important part of the Club's recent observance of its silver anniversary was devoted to its Past Presidents;

they reminisced at two successive meetings as "speakers of the day."

The recent silver-anniversary celebration of the Rotary Club of YORKTON, SASK., CANADA, was noted far and wide. Complimentary messages came from various points in the Rotary world, including several reinstated Clubs in Europe. Guests were present from five outside Clubs—in North Dakota, U.S.A., and Manitoba and Saskatchewan, Canada.

The Rotary Club of BEAUMONT, TEX., sponsored the Club in near-by NACOGDOCHES back in 1921. Here's proof that Beaumonters are still interested in the progress of their "child"; they provided entertainment at its recent silver-anniversary celebration.

Four of the five living charter members of the Rotary Club of BETHLEHEM, PA., were present for the festivities when the Club recently observed its 30th anniversary.

Five of the 11 still living charter members of the Rotary Club of LATROBE, PA., were among those present at the Club's recent silver-anniversary meeting.

The three surviving charter members of the Rotary Club of MADILL, OKLA., arranged the program when the Club observed its recent 20th anniversary.

Flags for Finland

One of the casualties of the war for the Rotary Clubs of Finland was the loss of their United States flags. When Paul T. Thorwall, of HELSINGFORS, FINLAND, attended the recent Convention of Rotary International as an incoming District Governor, the problem of replacing them was solved. Through their incoming District Governors the Rotary Clubs of North Carolina volunteered to replace the 19 flags (see cut). Cloth is so scarce in Finland, it is said, that one can hardly buy the material to make even a pocket handkerchief.

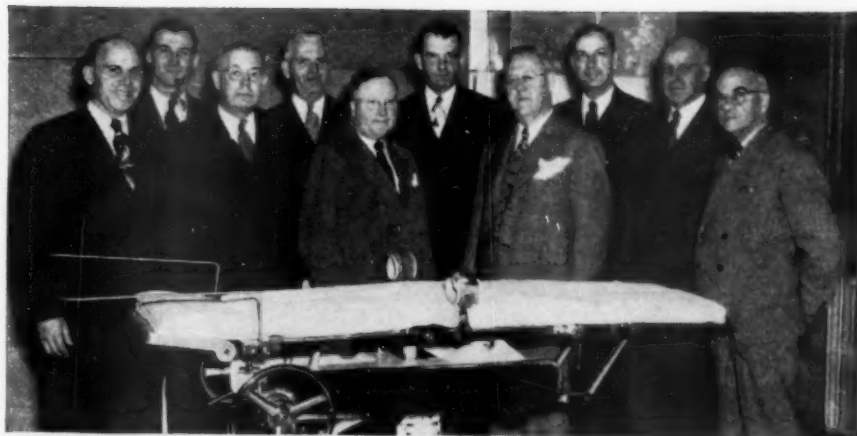
No Guessing about Guests

All guesswork about introducing guests—if any existed—has been removed in the Rotary Club of PALM SPRINGS, CALIF. The Club recently obtained a portable microphone, which one member carries around the room at introduction time. Each guest introduces himself by speaking through the "mike."

Youth at York Keep Club Young

Interest in youth activities continues high in the Rotary Club of YORK, PA. During the past year the Club has provided volunteers to serve at the Teen Age Center, helped organize an aero club, put over a bird-house-building contest, sponsored a radio youth forum, and supported two boys' baseball teams in the city recreation program.

Youth work is one of the long suits of the Rotary Club of BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss., also. It is active in supporting the Boy Scout, Cub Scout, and Girl Scout movements; helps send boys to Summer camp; and has them as Club guests from time to time.



A COMMUNITY Service project which will play a vital rôle in the health and welfare of Haverhill, Mass., is this operating table

which the Rotary Club recently presented to the city and its hospital. The new table and overhead light cost approximately \$1,700.



WAR stripped the Rotary Clubs of Finland of their flags . . . so at Rotary's Atlantic City Convention these four new North Carolina Governors (J. W. Butler, Holt McPherson,

I. M. Bailey, and J. D. Ross, Jr.) present Paul T. Thorwall (right), of Helsingfors, with a banner symbolic of the 19 their Clubs will send Finnish Clubs (see item).



NEW Rotary Clubs outside the United States receive this certificate of greetings from

the Rotary Club of Hartford, Conn. It is printed in English, Spanish, or Portuguese.



NOT HILLBILLY, but what a band! These rhythmic Rockland County Rotarians really "let it rip" when called upon for some dinner music.

STEPPING on a stray sheet of copy paper as I bounded into the office of my Chief, the Editor, one day recently, I sprawled headlong before him. "Have you any other nice trips coming up for me?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do have," he answered, accepting my prostrate attitude as no more than due him. "There is a story coming up at Nyack, New York, which should interest you."

"Mmm—Nyack, N' Y'ak," I replied. "What kind of double talk is that?"

"They are having an intercity meeting," my Chief went on. "One with all the emphasis on fellowship—like they used to have before the war. It will be pretty typical of Rotary intercity meetings everywhere—soon. I want you there to cover it."



"HMM, LET'S SEE, should I lead with this one?" mentally mutters one of the devotees of the colored pasteboards in the card room.

Well, I *was* there, naturally—my Nyack friends whisking me straight from the station to a YMCA building that was bulging with Rotarians. They hailed from the Clubs of Haverstraw, Pearl River, Spring Valley, Suffern, and Nyack—all Clubs within Rockland County, near the lower tip of New York State.

Intercity meetings, I've always known, are one of the best means of enabling Rotarians to extend their acquaintances and to enrich their friendships. I found further proof of that here.

Since Rockland is a small county, these Rotary Clubs have worked closely together in the past—almost as a unit. It wasn't surprising, then, to learn the synonymy of these fellows and *fellowship*.

Nyack had started the intercity meeting "ball" rolling before the war, and Suffern had given it an added push. Now Nyack was carrying on. And how! Our hosts had engaged the entire "Y" building for the evening. First off, they served the 125 hungry Rotarians a savory and sizable dinner. Next they proceeded to satisfy their entertainment appetites as well. They offered bowling, billiards, soft ball, cards, and ping-pong—and *everyone* took part. If they weren't bowling or bidding, they were judging or keeping score. Weeks before the day Nyack had sent representatives to the neighboring Clubs to drum up interest.

On a big scoreboard in the lobby, Rotarians posted Club scores throughout the evening, tallying as in a track meet, with first place in each event being worth five; second, four; etc. Event-by-event reports were greeted with grandstand enthusiasm. The final count showed Spring Valley Rotarians out in front, leading Nyack by a neck. In spite of the scoreboard, I know better: I know that *everyone* there was the winner.

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





ANOTHER strike coming up—they hope. Tenpins tumble with regularity as these Rotarian bowlers fill the alleys with the 16-pound spheres. . . . Others try their skill at ping-pong, some at softball.

SOME find their cue for relaxation in the billiard room (right). After the various competitions, hosts and guests alike assembled in the gym to "spectate" another sport—an exhibition of wrestling.

BELOW: Part of the crowd at the dinner tables—a session which is devoid of speeches and long on singing. At the conclusion of the program the group topped the evening with more refreshments.





FOUNDER HONORED. PAUL P. HARRIS, Founder and President Emeritus of Rotary International, was honored at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., when he was presented with the "Chicago Merit Award International," having been selected by a non-Rotarian jury of awards. Although the Chicago Rotary Club created the Chicago Merit Awards Commission in 1929, this was but the seventh time that an award was made—in appreciation of distinguished service to the community, the country, and to the world. In making the presentation of the award (see cut), the REV. HARRISON RAY ANDERSON revealed that he had tried to discover a secret—the name of the teacher who made the greatest impression on the life of PAUL HARRIS. The answer, he found, was MISS ANNA L. COLE, who was his Bible-school teacher in Wallingford, Vt., and who is living today in a home for the aged in Rutland, Vt. After the meeting she was notified by telegram of her former pupil's award. In his remarks of acceptance, FOUNDER PAUL said, "I want to say how appreciative I am of Chicago. I love Chicago just as much as you men do. . . . I am grateful to Chicago for all Chicago has done for me. . . ."

Living Memorial. The memory of deceased Rotarians and other prominent citizens of western Oklahoma is honored by a "Memorial Book Shelf" in the public library in Clinton. It is financed in part by DOANE R. FARR, trucking operator and a Past Director of Rotary International, who refrains from sending flowers to funerals and devotes the money thus saved for this purpose. The latest project is to provide the library with a complete set of bound volumes of THE ROTARIAN.

Back, Plaqued. Now that they are back from service with the armed forces, four members of the Rotary Club of Hawthorne, N. J.—QUIMBY DEHART GURNEE, C. WILLIAM DROSS, RICHARD A.

RUCK, and THEODORE MARTIN—know they were really backed by their associates. For proof: the Club recently presented each of them with a handsome wall plaque in recognition of his service to his country. All were commissioned officers.

Hounslow Remembers. Admiringly passed from hand to hand at the Atlantic City Convention was a triangular-shaped heraldic flag from Hounslow, England. An ancient oak beam salvaged from the ruined Holy Trinity Church was fashioned into a frame for it by ROTARIAN W. J. LACEY. JOHN MACKIE, an outgoing District Representative and incoming Vice-President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland was there to transmit the memento to MAJOR GEORGE D. HART, who will present it to his own Club in San Francisco, Calif. MAJOR HART was stationed in London during the blitz and made many warm friends in Hounslow.

Fine Idea. When ROTARIAN CLIFFORD A. IVES, of Minneapolis, Minn., suggested that each Rotarian who fishes in the region around Acapulco, Mexico, pay a fine in proportion to his catch, to provide funds for breakfasts for school children, Acapulco Rotarians agreed that it was a capital idea. You can guess the rest: ROTARIAN IVES and his wife paid through the pocketbook, contributing 52 pesos for having hooked 42 flying fish and two marlin.

Honors. DR. AMARNATH JHA, Immediate Past President of the Rotary Club of Allahabad, India, has been appointed chairman of the syllabus and the establishments subcommittee of the contemplated India's National War Academy. . . . HARRY T. GOOCH, a member of the Rotary Club of Troy, Mo., has been awarded the Distinguished Service pin by the Shell Oil Company for his outstanding service to the community. He recently found himself the president of a railroad after a citizens' committee



PAUL P. HARRIS, Founder and President Emeritus of Rotary International, receives congratulations from the Rev. Harrison Ray Anderson upon winning the Chicago Merit Award (also see item). Looking on is Max H. Hurd, 1945-46 Chicago Rotary Club President.

stepped in to *do something* when the small life-line road serving the community was about to be abandoned. . . . Seven members of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, hold the Silver Beaver award, one of Scouting's highest. They are WILLIAM LICHT, HERMAN C. AHRENS, HUNTER W. HANLY, DR. EARL R. BUSH, DR. E. A. BABER, OMAR H. CASWELL, and M. E. LYONS. . . . Another Silver Beaver is CLARENCE A. SNYDER, 1945-46 President of the Rotary Club of Delta, Colo. . . . COLONEL K. R. K. IYENGAR, of Nilgiris, India, a Past District Governor of Rotary International, has been nominated to the Madras Legislative Council (Upper Chamber).

Repeats. For the second successive year PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR EDWIN A. BEMIS, of Littleton, Colo., has given the Bemis Trophy for the best Club publication in District 113. And for the second year that award has gone to the Rotary Club of Torrington, Wyo.

Observers. Observers appointed by T. A. WARREN, 1945-46 President of Rotary International, served at various meetings of United Nations subsidiary agencies recently. HOWARD S. LEROY, of Washington, D. C., and CLYDE MARQUIS, of Orange, Va., attended the Food Conference in Washington; WALTER D. HEAD, of Montclair, N. J., Past President of Rotary International, observed the Economic and Social Council session in New York, N. Y. (for his report see page 17 of this issue); and AMOS O. SQUIRE, of Ossining, N. Y., a Past Director of Rotary International, attended the Health Conference in New York, N. Y.

Romance. Rotary-made contacts are usually pleasant—sometimes even romantically so. Take the case of Miss BETTY HUMPHREY, daughter of RUBENS HUMPHREY, Executive Secretary of the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Mo. At Rotary Conventions she became acquainted with FRANCIS A. KETTANEH, of Beirut, Lebanon, a Past Director of Rotary In-



GENERAL officers of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland have been elected for 1946-47. They are (left to right) President J. H. B. Young (accountancy), of Canterbury, England; Vice-President John Mackie

(senior active—cleaning, dyeing), of Hounslow, England; Immediate Past President Tom Benson (senior active), of Littlehampton, England; and Treasurer Herbert Schofield (education), of Loughborough, England.

ternational. Recently, when she met a lady from Beirut, BETTY asked if she knew ROTARIAN KETTANEH. "Like a member of our family," the lady replied, before taking her outside to meet her brother, waiting in his automobile. The brother, EDWARD SALLEBY, a world traveler, immediately determined in his own mind to make Miss HUMPHREY change her name to SALLEBY. That came to pass not many weeks ago. They will make their home in Beirut.

Accord. MAJOR STANFORD F. JONES, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Jamestown, N. Y., reports an interesting wartime experience while in India. He frequently had an opportunity to attend sessions of the Rotary Club of Delhi, where he found Hindus and Moslems sitting side by side partaking of the dinner—while the newspapers were full of stories discussing the differences of opinions of these peoples.

Combination. PAT BROWN, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Roscoe, Calif., ought to be at least twins. A combination actor, cowboy, businessman, clubman, and homebody, he recently completed a character rôle in the new moving-picture production *Duel in the Sun*, which has a roster of stars as long as a prairie fence. In business life he operates a garage, but on the screen he usually portrays a hard-riding, easygoing cowboy. After returning from location for the latest movie, he reported that he had a lot of fun showing "those Hollywood dudes" a thing or two about riding.



Brown

Moon Shines. When JOHN W. MORSHEAD, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Sacramento, Calif., was asked by a representative of the press for a District Conference highlight, he replied: "It was the presence and active participation of Weaverville's outgoing Chinese President, MOON L. LEE, whom the Conference itself had cited for constructive activities during his administration at Weaverville." The result: a splendid front-page story.

Run Around. As introductions go—on and on—the one which V. W. SEARS received when as District Governor he made his official visit to his own Club, Santa Barbara, Calif., is one for "the books." It was during his term just closed. He reputedly spent days perfecting his speech, and was as anxious to give it as his fellow members were to hear it. First, FLOYD O. BOHNETT, the Club President, introduced the Program Chairman, P. P. CALDEN, who passed the introduction honors to WARNER EDMONDS. The game of "ring around the rosie" was on in earnest then, as the "torch" was passed from RALPH T. RUNKLE, to WILMOT HUGHES, to WINSOR SOULE, to FRED H. SCHAUER, and then to PRESIDENT-ELECT RUSSELL W. BELL. As messages of congratulations for having

had the opportunity to hear GOVERNOR SEARS began pouring in from other Clubs, the Governor was finally being introduced, but the adjournment gong rang before he could get to his feet. Need it be said that it was all in fun?

Memorials. The debate-of-the-month in THE ROTARIAN for February, 1946, you will recall, discussed various types of war memorials. That feature was the key to action for the war-memorial committee of Evanston, Ill., headed by GEORGE H. TOMLINSON, a Past President of the local Rotary Club. Attractive ballots were prepared, carrying reprints of the debate themes. These were distributed to every home in the city, to be marked and mailed back. Those preferring a symbolic memorial had a choice between a carillon tower, a granite shaft, or a fountain; and those favoring a "living" memorial could choose between a memorial building, a library, or a memorial fund.

Always Room for More. One of the largest family groups from overseas at the recent Rotary Convention was that of DR. MANUEL GALIGARCIA, of Havana, Cuba, Past Director of Rotary International. Comprising his own family as well as those of his two sisters, his entourage totalled eight.

'Landslide.' Remember the items about Rotarian majorities on the city councils of Boulder, Colo. (March, page 45), and Wolfville, N. S., Canada (May, page 46)? Comes now a report that the majority of Rotarian councilmen in Warrenton, Va., could practically be termed a "landslide." Six of the seven councilmen are Rotarians: JOHN THOMA, DANIEL P. WOOD, WILLIAM N. HODGKIN, C. C. PEARSON, J. ELWOOD KNIGHT, and G. N. GOULDTHORPE. Besides that, the Mayor, P. B. SMITH, JR., and the recorder, J. HUNTER BOWMAN, are Rotarians. So are the town clerk and the commissioner of revenue.

In the Bag. Baggage and Cubans were a combination that also gave one trainman a difficult time, according to SILAS M. SIMMONS, of the Rotary Club of Natchez, Miss., who witnessed the incident, while en route to the recent Convention at Atlantic City. It seems that the Cubans became very distressed when their luggage was sent



ROTARY leadership runs in the Ehly family. A. M. (center) is a Past President of the Enid, Okla., Rotary Club; son Paul E. (left) heads the Pratt, Kans., Club; and son A. W. is a Past President at Kingfisher, Okla.



WITH parental pride U. B. Blalock pins the Rotary wheel on his war-veteran son, David D. Blalock, welcoming him as a member of the Rotary Club of Wadesboro, N. C. The father is a veteran State legislator.

Photo: Dubuque Telegraph Herald



AN INTERNATIONAL "exchange" was recently made by Rotarian W. E. Johannsen (center), of Dubuque, Iowa. His son, William (right), has gone to live at the home of Rotarian Alfredo Chavero, in Mexico City, Mexico, while Alfredo, Jr. (left), is staying with the Johannsens and attending school.



SIX PAIRS of fathers-and-sons in one Club!—Mobile, Ala. The fathers are seated and each man's son stands directly behind him. The pairs are, from left to right: Gordon

and J. Roy Smith; C. A. L. and Harry Inge Johnstone; E. Roy and J. Roy Albright; T. J. and T. J. Taylor, Jr.; Mark and Mark Lyons, Jr.; and Alexander and Clyde W. Foreman.

to the baggage car. They feared they were being permanently separated from it, and demanded—in Spanish—that it be returned. The unfortunate conductor understood no Spanish and had a few bewildering minutes trying to determine what the difficulty was, until the Cubans indulged in some very effective pantomiming. The trainman leaned down, picked up an imaginary bag, patted it affectionately, set it down carefully, pointed to its invisible shape, then to himself, smiled broadly, and

said, "O.K." "Oh, O.K.—O.K.," the worried passengers repeated, nodding their heads in recognition of probably the only English phrase they knew. "Muy bien—muy bien," they said, returning to their seats greatly relieved.

'Rotanames.' Coded, cryptic, pictographic, and all manner of bewildering addresses have faced the postal forces of "Uncle Sam." And still the mail goes through. According to ROTARIAN ARTHUR M. LOCKHART, FRANKLIN S. PAYNE, editor

of the publication of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, Calif., recently received a letter addressed thus: "Frank S. Payne, 714 W. Olympic, Rotangeles 15, Rotafornia." Mailed in Long Beach, Calif., it was delivered the next day.

Christening. Nearly everyone is interested in a christening, whether it be of babies or battleships. ROTARIAN THOMAS M. HAYES, of St. Louis, Mo., was "emcee" at a recent event of this description when a new streamliner train was given its "baptismal bath"—consisting of water from the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

'Tom, Dick, and Harris.' Turning his thoughts to Rotary's international Convention and the election there of Rotary's President for 1946-47, T. R. RAMSPECK, Vice-President of the Rotary Club of Tuscaloosa, Ala., jotted down this Rotary rhyme:

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIS

*A new boss we get at June's meeting
To preside through the new Rotary year.
We'll give the new chief our greeting,
But his job is too easy, I fear.*

*A President who comes this year, to us
Is a cinch for the load that he carries.
The last two and President Emeritus
Were nothing but Tom, Dick, and Harris.*

Author. DR. E. C. BECK, a member of the Rotary Club of Mount Pleasant, Mich., is the author of *Lumberjack Tune Detective*, appearing in the May issue of *American Forests*.

Attender. One might say that attending Conventions of Rotary International has become sort of a "habit" for FREDERICK C. VIESER, a member of the Rotary Club of Haddonfield, N. J. In June he attended his 15th Convention, and the third in Atlantic City.

'High Water.' Most Rotarians will agree that it takes at least "plenty high water" to force the cancellation of the District Conference. That's what happened in Hawaii when the tidal wave swept through that area, causing heavy destruction.

Reports. In a talk before the Rotary Club of Rockhampton, Australia, recently, FRANCIS M. FORDE, until recently Acting Prime Minister, reviewed the contributions of Australia to the Allied war effort and discussed at length the interest of Australia in postwar problems which will come under the purview of the United Nations. He recalled with pleasure having addressed the Rotary Club of San Francisco, Calif., at the time of the United Nations Conference, which he attended as an Australian delegate.

Flood. GUY E. SPICER, a member of the Rotary Club of Bushnell, Ill., about whose pencil-collecting hobby you read in THE ROTARIAN for March, 1945, is still collecting. Fellow Rotarians attending a recent intercity gathering decided to stage a little pencil shower for the inviolated hobbyist. The shower turned into a flood, with approximately 1,000 additional items for his collection.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



THESE four Burbank, Calif., Rotarians have much in common. All are charter members and Past Club Presidents, and have perfect-

attendance records of 23 years. Left to right, they are W. S. Sandison, Ray R. Sence, Dr. Philip E. Zeiss, and A. C. Fillbach.



"ROTARIAN SCHISLER" isn't a very definitive term in Northampton, Pa., for the five Schisler brothers are all members of the

local Rotary Club. They are, left to right, Elmer, George, Harold, Albert, and Lloyd. George and Harold are both Past Presidents.



WHEN R. G. LeTourneau (center), construction-equipment manufacturer, was recently invited to address the Rotary Club of St.

Louis, Mo., he asked these Peoria Rotarians to accompany him in his private plane. A. C. Volkens, '45-'46 President, is second from left.



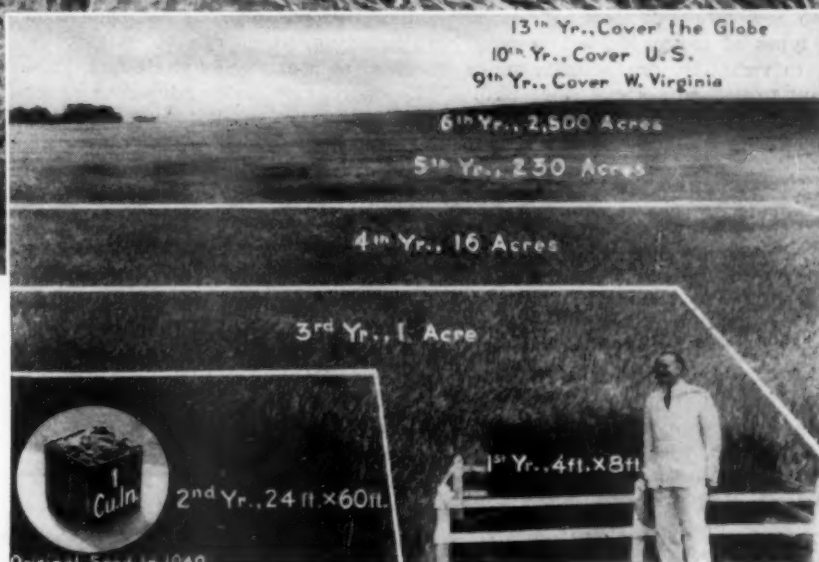
THE HARVEST IS DYNAMIC

IF A world short of food needs any reassurance that the earth can be enormously fruitful, it should get in touch with Perry Hayden, of Tecumseh, Michigan. Here's why:

One Fall day in 1940, this Rotarian—who is a miller—obtained a handful of Bald Rock wheat. It was a cubic inch, or 360 kernels to be exact. This he planted on land loaned him by Henry Ford. The grain produced fiftyfold. Withholding a tenth of it, he planted the remainder that Fall, and got 70 pounds back. Each year thereafter he plowed back nine-tenths of the crop, receiving 16 bushels in 1943, 380 in 1944, and 5,555 in 1945.

The first five crops were grown on Ford's farm, the motorcar maker participating in several of the harvests.

This month 250 farmers in lower



TOP: Rotarian C. D. Finkbeiner, of Saline, Mich., donor of original kernels, tries his hand in the cradling contest featuring the fourth harvest . . . (Above) A graphic view of the year-by-year growth, with Rotarian Hayden posing beside the original planting.

Michigan will begin to cut the four square miles of wheat which grew from the '45 planting. They think it will net upward of 50,000 bushels.

It was a Sunday-morning sermon at his Quaker church that set Rotarian Hayden off on what he calls his "dynamic kernels" project. He wanted to see the wondrous productivity of Nature for himself. Also he wanted to demonstrate the principle of tithing. The tenth of each crop he withheld he gave to his church. The tithe this year will amount to about \$10,000; it will

be presented to 165 different churches.

But now the demonstration ends. A man and his land should rest the seventh year, says Rotarian Hayden, quoting another scriptural injunction. They're going to celebrate this, the final harvest, at the County Fair Grounds in Adrian, Michigan, on August 1. Friends and notables from all around will be on hand—everybody's invited—and one lure will be the "dynamic biscuits" Perry Hayden will serve. They will be made of wheat cradled, flailed, ground, and baked on the spot.

By-Products of the Atomic Bomb

[Continued from page 30]

end product is that more is produced than is used.

Artificial photosynthesis would be useful—but I believe it improbable that it will be possible to turn all our food out in factories with sunshine and chemicals. Green plants are remarkably efficient mechanisms for extracting carbon dioxide from the air. The amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is inexhaustible, but the speed with which it can be introduced into a chemical system is uncertain. Not only may plants be able to do it better, but it should also be remembered that the leaves and stalks of plants are useful by-products we still may want.

Closely related to these fundamental studies in biochemistry and physiology is the further application of radioactive materials to treatment of disease.

Popular expectations for the treatment of cancer, it should be pointed out, can easily outrun what is likely to be soon achieved. Basically, radioactive materials from the atomic pile give no new means of treating cancer. Some types of cancer do not respond at all to radiation, are actually more resistant to it than normal cells. Radiation usually does not help much in cases of cancer where the malignant tissue has metastasized, or spread through the body. In such cases more effective alleviation has come frequently from other procedures, such as adjustment of the sex-hormone output.

There is, of course, always the remote possibility that a simple key reaction may be discovered with the aid of tracers that will provide the means of curing cancer. But the likelihood is that advances will come from solid, fundamental research, with the sum total of many pieces of independent investigation contributing to the ultimate solution.

Not all this progress will be made with the radioactive isotopes. The betatron X ray, for example, gives more dosage at certain depths than does the ordinary X ray, and so is more effective in treating deep-seated tumors. The giant cyclotrons now being built will emit beams of extremely high energy protons of 100 to 150 million electron volts, which penetrate deeply enough for use on deep tumors. They have also the desirable characteristic that they are much more effective at a depth than at the skin surface, because as the protons penetrate, they lose energy and velocity. At low velocities they are more likely to knock electrons out of the orbits of the molecules of the tissue to produce the ionization and other physical disturbances which probably

initiate the desired damage to the tissue we wish to destroy. This beam has the additional advantage of cutting off sharply at a certain depth, and by manipulating this point it is possible to irradiate only to the depth of the tumor, and not into the normal tissue beyond it. Likewise, the width of the beam can be regulated so that less normal tissue is irradiated than by present conventional methods.

Radiation therapy may, however, be advanced by the use of tracers to find substances which selectively localize in the cancer tissue. If such a substance could be found, one might prepare it with a radioactive atom in the molecule, thus localizing the radiation in the cancer tissue.

A considerable number of experiments have already been made in using radioactive isotopes that will localize in the cancer cells. Iodine tends to concentrate in the thyroid, and a radioactive isotope of iodine has been used to treat cancerous thyroid. Similarly, radioactive phosphorous has been used in leukemia, which can be roughly described as a cancer of the blood. The phosphorous is easily administered by mouth or injection; it does not give the unfavorable reaction which sometimes results from X-ray exposure, and though it may not actually extend the life of the patient, it makes the period of his life comfortable so that he may continue his activity until the last stage of the disease.

Radioactive strontium has been used likewise to treat tumors of the bone, but because there are two of these isotopes, which are usually produced together and cannot be readily separated,

the isotope with a long period of radioactivity must be used with the isotope of short life, and so there is some danger in its use. Many more developments in this localized treatment by isotopes will be forthcoming because of the increased research now possible.

Tagging of drugs will be another extensive field of study. By substituting a radioactive isotope for a normal atomic constituent of a drug molecule, where and how it reacts may be ascertained. The mechanism by which the sulfa compounds or penicillin act is not known; there are theories as to how, but their proof has not been made. It may be that such investigation may result in modification of the drugs themselves, to concentrate the effective constituents and remove those which are of no value. Such questions may be answered by using tagged atoms of various kinds. As with drugs, the manner in which vitamins are used by the body can be studied with the tagged atoms.

This series of examples in all fields could be extended almost indefinitely, for already there has been rapid expansion of the activity and the literature in these new areas.

It is entirely possible that some immediately spectacular results will be obtained from the extension of investigation with radioactive materials. But it is more likely that the results at first may seem disappointing to the public, for the kind of work which is being planned concerns investigation of fundamental problems. What will be done with isotopes will probably seem just as remote and impractical to those who are not scientists as was the succession of basic discoveries which made atomic disintegration possible. These went generally unnoticed, and only the total result—the atomic bomb—was spectacular to those outside the area of physics.

Odd Shots

Have you a photo outstanding for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editor of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



HEREDITARY fears are sublimated in a plate of supper when deer and dog dine together in Jackson Hole, Wyo. The photo was made by Mrs. P. C. Hansen, wife of a local Rotarian.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

of uranium or plutonium necessary to support such a reaction. As I see it, this is quite parallel to what takes place among Rotarians—whose combined effect on our world society to come will be as great as that of atomic energy.

The raw material used at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where material for atomic bombs is made, is uranium, a metal that constantly radiates energy, but at so low a rate as to produce small effect on its surroundings, just as most men produce small effect on their environments.

The scientists put a large number of bars of uranium together under special conditions, in what is called a "reaction pile." Under these conditions, radiations from one piece of uranium are captured by the atoms of another bar and become a part of the hard, dense nuclei of such target atoms. When the nucleus of an atom has captured a particle, the nature of that atom is changed and by increased radiation it affects other atoms in what is called a "chain reaction." Heat is generated and part of the uranium is transmitted to an entirely new element which has been named plutonium. It is plutonium which, under certain conditions, releases atomic energy beyond our power to comprehend.

Is this not exactly what happens in Rotary when one man influences another and he still others? This is a "chain reaction" the warmth of which we call Rotary fellowship, and out of which come the inspiration and energy for community and world service.

It is known that since the first test bomb was exploded in New Mexico, specks of radioactive matter have been appearing in paper products, where they arrived as dust particles, rain-washed from the air into streams, the water of which is used in paper making. Again, is this not like the remote and unexpected influence which is unconsciously spread by Rotary activities?

Two atomic bombs did much to stop the war. The power and influence of Rotary can profoundly affect the world peace!

Re: Short Change and Honesty

By GEORGE E. CARROTHERS, *Rotarian Educator*

Ann Arbor, Michigan

My fellow schoolman Clarence G. Manning is wrong [see affirmative reply in *Is Business Honesty Declining?*, the debate-of-the-month, *THE ROTARIAN* for May]. Business honesty is not declining. At least not so far as making change is concerned. Records made during the 18 years I have been travelling in and out of Michigan show that the customer is more often long-changed than short-changed.

For example, in St. John's some time ago I handed a woman attendant a \$5 bill in payment for a dollar's worth of

gasoline. She handed back five ones, but was mighty grateful when the extra dollar was returned to her. Some time ago in Cleveland I gave the cashier in a chain cafeteria a \$5 bill to pay for a 55-cent lunch. He gave me 45 cents, which I placed in my pocket, then proceeded to eat my lunch. After returning to my office, I realized that I had been short-changed. When asked about it, the cashier requested that I return the next day since they would be able to discover the mistake in the evening when they checked up. But they were not long on money the next day and I was out \$4.

Several weeks later in the same cafeteria the cashier asked whether I had been in their place of business before and whether I had asked about being short-changed. When I replied in the affirmative, he took from the cash register \$4 and handed it to me. He said that a few days after I had been in on the previous occasion they had discovered four rolls of dimes in one corner of the cash register which they had previously overlooked. They had been holding the money all that time hoping I might happen in again and that they might recognize me.

One day in Ann Arbor I counted, as I walked toward the door of the bank, six new \$10 bills received from the woman cashier for a \$50 check. When I returned to the window, made the explanation, and returned the extra \$10 bill, the cashier was profusely grateful.

Many, many other instances might be cited; here is just one more. When I handed a dollar bill to the proprietor of an Indiana restaurant, in payment for

The Human Map of Misery*

*The human map of misery stands in bold relief,
With famine scaling mountains, and dire privation outlining dales;*

The legend of the map shows where to find the skeletal remains

Of cultures which once breathed life . . .

Of cultures which now stand deprived, yet still stand, and stand alone . . .

Of cultures dying on their desiccated knees, holding fast to the pauper's cup with bony, dry-stalk hands. . .

And of cultures which are large and fat, waddling in their complacency, smugly eating their loaves of bread, and tossing the scraps into swaying heaps of garbage.

The human map of misery outlines the awesome aspect

Of human bodies feeding upon themselves,

Of bones stuck out in angular relief against world-ancient eyes, glazed with an unsmiling glare.

The human map of misery

Points west to the land of the brave, home of the food,

Points east to the land of starvation, home of privation,

Points up to speedy famine relief,

Points down to disaster . . . hell . . . the everlasting destruction of peace . . . destruction of man!

This is the fearsome tale drawn to scale

On the human map of misery.

—HELEN SUE ISELY

* Inspired by a map titled *The Pattern of Hunger* in an article *Starving Must Stop!*, by Clinton P. Anderson, *THE ROTARIAN*, May, 1946.

a 35-cent lunch, he gave back what seemed at the moment too much change. Before going out of the door and with the money still in my hand, I said, "I guess you have made a mistake in change." The proprietor at the cash register replied, "No, I didn't. We don't make mistakes here." The \$1.65 which he had given in change for the dollar bill found its way into my pocket as I went on my way.

An Outpost of Rotary

Described by J. M. MILLER, *Rotarian Manager, Adelaide Shipping Co. Fremantle, Australia*

We Rotarians "down under" hope that all readers of *THE ROTARIAN* became a bit more informed on our continent as a result of the rotogravure section on Australia in the June issue. The 64th Rotary District, part of Australia, is probably the farthest District from Chicago; as the crow flies in a south-westerly direction, it is about 9,300 miles, and 12,000 miles or so if the crow would fly southeasterly to the gateway of Western Australia and the port of Fremantle. During the war just concluded it was the port of Fremantle which became so well known to the United States Navy and merchant fleet. Merchantmen called in hundreds to fuel and store on their way from the States to aid Russia via the Persian Gulf and to bring supplies to the Burma front.

Fremantle, almost wholly a port of call for British ships before 1942, suddenly began to feel the growing spread of the United States maritime power, some 370 Liberty ships alone using the

port in one year. It was a common sight to see these all-welded ships with their decks carrying an amazing assortment of equipment, tanks, barges, vans, airplanes—in fact, anything which could not be stored below decks.

We grew accustomed to all the vast needs of keeping in service one of the most important striking forces in the Pacific. At one stage up to December, 1943, submarines of the United States Seventh Submarine Fleet operating from Fremantle sank more than one million tons of Japanese shipping. When joined by Royal Navy subs in 1944, the sinkings grew until V-J Day, when it became known that the port of Fremantle had been the base for submarines accounting for sinking or damaging some 6½ million tons of Japanese shipping of all kinds—truly a factor in the Pacific war; we have some wonderful memories of the men who played such a great part in one of the greatest fight-backs in the history of war. The port is settling down again, fighting on the food front and shipping some 15 million bushels of cereals to feed a starving Europe and Asia.

The Rotary Club of Fremantle, with its 46 members, was able at its weekly meetings to entertain and extend the Rotary hand of friendship to all able to join us. Frequently a visitor would mention his home town in the heart of the U.S.A. and we found many sons

of Rotarians as our guests. U. S. Navy men married some 600 of our girls from this State, Western Australia, who are helping to carry into effect Rotary's Fourth Object.

Beach's Position 'Endorsed'

By ARTHUR B. DALE, *Rotarian*
Writer
Shelby, Michigan

I would like to record my endorsement of Reuel W. Beach's position on revisions of the Four Objects of Rotary as set forth in *THE ROTARIAN* for April [Needed: A Substitute for 'Service']. Its greatest value in my opinion is that it translates the present statement from an excellent ideal to a more forceful dynamic for its realization. One cannot consistently advocate a program of "mutual understanding prompted by goodwill" without following it by his utmost efforts to realize it. Faith is only demonstrated by works, especially in the critical situation in which the world finds itself in practically every community and nation.

How can a program for effective action be best realized?

Adopt Golden Rule As Object

Suggests J. H. NORTON, *Rotarian*
Railroad Traffic Manager
Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

I have been greatly interested in read-

ing some of the *Talking It Over* comments on Reuel W. Beach's article in *THE ROTARIAN* for April [Needed: A Substitute for 'Service'] on the modernizing or rewriting of the Objects of Rotary. My reaction thereto—a Rotarian of almost 30 years' standing, and at one time a member of the same Rotary Club as and a great admirer of Donald A. MacRae, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, author of the present Fourth Object—is that if any change is deemed necessary or advisable in Rotary's Objects, why not go all-out and make said Objects still more brief and concise; that is, by adopting the Golden Rule—do unto others, etc.—as the Object of Rotary, which, I consider, covers everything we are trying to say or express in perhaps more flowery language—and certainly more convincingly?

Yes—the Golden Rule!

Agrees BILL SETZER, *Rotarian*
Supt., Foundry and Machinery Co.,
Johnson City, Tennessee

May I add my voice to the opposition to Reuel W. Beach's suggestions for "improving" the Four Objects of Rotary.

In the first place, Rotary actually has, not four, but only one Object. That Object is service.

In the second place, the size of that Object is such as to make it comprehend all the subsidiary expressions we use to point up some of the highlights of it.

The so-called Four Objects of Rotary are only Rotary's expression of the primary directions in which it intends to encourage and foster the ideal of service.

There are some short, simple words in the English language that can be described only as "noble." Among these are "faith, hope, charity—but the greatest of these is charity," and the closest word to "charity" is "service." For our purpose it is even better, for it neither casts nor implies a reflection on the recipient.


In that pluperfect little 13th chapter of First Corinthians, the Apostle Paul, the greatest intellectual of his time, undertook to define the word "Charity"—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels. . . ." He devoted the entire chapter to that definition and still said quite clearly between the lines that the chapter was inadequate, for he said that "charity" was perfection and he had not attained to that.

The editors of the Revised Version of the *New Testament* substituted the word "love" for the word "charity" in that chapter. It was a mistake of the first order, for "love" has a multitude of meanings, while "charity" means a multitude of things.

Go to the 13th chapter of First Corinthians in the King James Version and you will get an idea of what I am trying to say. If you substitute "service" for "charity," it almost fits.

"Mutual understanding," "goodwill," and "peace," and all the other words in the Four Objects of Rotary are only parts of the whole, and that whole is service.

Perhaps it can be improved upon, but



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I submit that no improvements have yet been offered!

On Getting Along with Russia

By BERT E. MERRIAM, Rotarian
Author and Writer
Morrisville, Vermont

Re: the excellent article by Grove Patterson in THE ROTARIAN for February [Let's Understand Russia], I should like to express my emphatic approval.

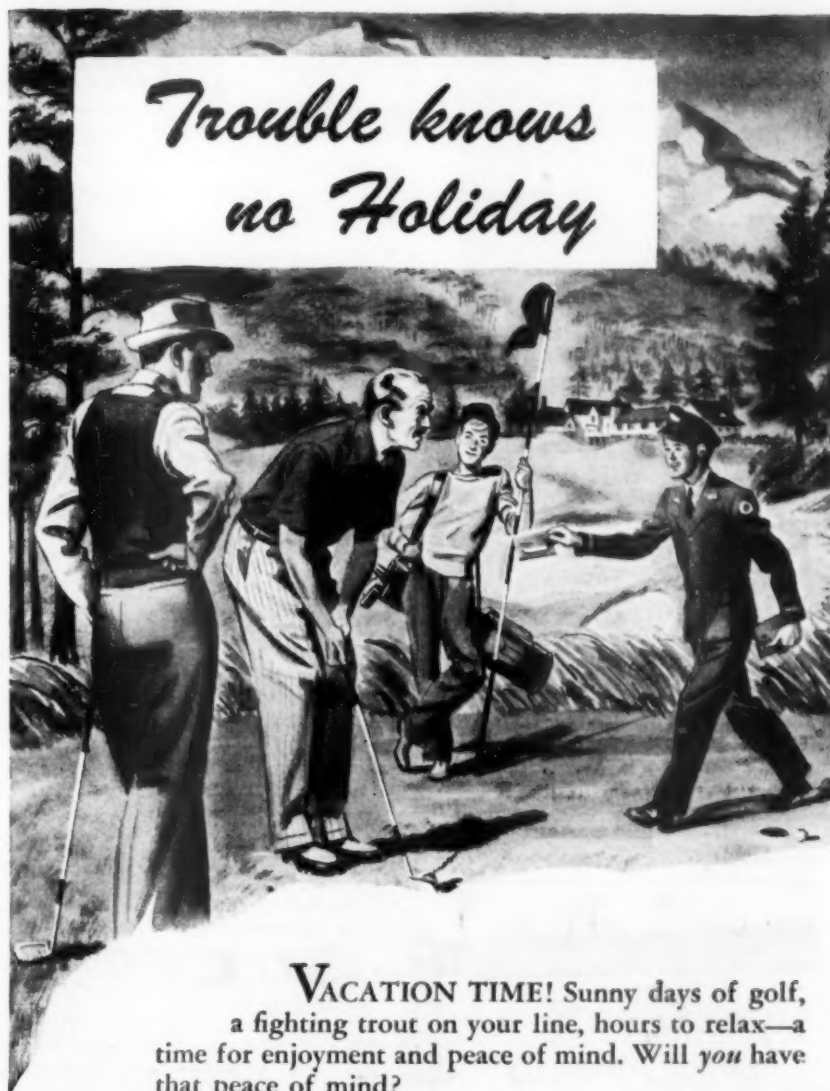
Back in 1919-1923 I had the pleasure of spending three and a half years in Vladivostok. During two Winters, from November 1 to May 1, I lived with a Russian family. It was a refugee family, the husband an officer in the Czar's Army. I spoke little Russian, and only one member of the family spoke a little English. Had we all been able to speak a common language, it would not have been difficult to imagine oneself living in the days of my ancestors.

All that we need to do is to get together. This can be done in several ways. In many American cities and towns where there is a Rotary Club, there are Russians. Let's invite them in occasionally and be friends. It is easy to become acquainted with them. They appreciate the favors shown them. If such attention were shown them, news of it would soon get back to their friends in Russia. We need to know their customs and habits, and they need to know ours.

Then, again, in cities where there are educated Russians living, classes could be formed to teach the Russian language. And, also, classes under the direction of the Rotary Club could be formed to teach English to the Russians. I know from experience in Siberia that this can be easily done. For months I conducted a class of 40 into some of the intricacies of the English language. And, let me tell you, the English language is much harder than the Russian. I often served light refreshments, and made this the basis of the lesson. If I were to be sent to Russia to teach English, I would conduct a class in the same manner. A good teacher can do more to weld nations together than any other person. The Rotary Clubs, the YMCA, and other organizations have it within their power to do a wonderful piece of work along this very line. A sincere friendliness can accomplish what no other power can do.

Russia is a new nation, born in 1917-18. It has the biggest task before it of any nation. It is an immense country. Its size is almost beyond one's belief. Its people have lived isolated for centuries. And, like children who have always stayed at home, they are timid, suspicious of others, when finally they begin to feel their strength and size.

Again, there could be an exchange of, well, 100 college students, just to study in colleges and to rub up against each other. This would be, I think, the finest way to make permanent friendships. With not more than two in one college, barriers would soon break down—our American students in Russian colleges and universities would learn much that is not in books. . . .



VACATION TIME! Sunny days of golf, a fighting trout on your line, hours to relax—a time for enjoyment and peace of mind. Will *you* have that peace of mind?

Suppose, and it *does* happen, your vacation is interrupted by a telegram from home—a telegram that tells of a burst or leaking water pipe which has done thousands of dollars worth of damage; or a burglary; or some other equally serious loss of personal property. Your vacation is ruined, and you have taken a serious financial blow, *unless . . .*

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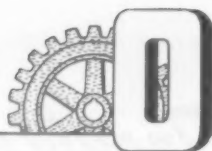
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pinion

**Pithy Bits Gleaned
from Talks, Letters and
Rotary Publications**

'I Am Rotary'

HAVEN X. MUMFORD, *Rotarian*
General Manager
Warren Transportation Company
Warren, Ohio

I am Rotary.
I was born of love in the hearts of men,

I am union without compulsion,
I am solidarity without the destruction of individuality,

I am mutual help,
I am tolerance,
I am the light of hope for many children,

I am the dissolver of hates between man and man,

To understand me rightly would mean an end of wars,

I was born in the brains and hearts of enlightened men,

It is now that the world needs me more than ever in its history,

I am a motor of civil progress,
I am the unseen that holds society together,

I am not a sentimental aspiration,
I am a practical reality,

I am a handclasp from the heart,
I am the pure white flow of reason

over the banks of bigotry,
I am strength,

I am understanding.
I am Rotary.

Let Mentality Evaluate Men

CAPTAIN V. NICKOLS
United States Army

We never like to look upon war as being good. What could be good about ruthless destruction of property, spread of disease, subjugations of free people, and killing of human beings by human beings? It is almost necessary to be without a conscience or a soul to say that good results from war. I refuse to confirm such a statement, but I must point out that the dispersion of millions of troops of nearly all the nations to almost every corner of the earth has done more in the past four years to advance the world on the road to mutual understanding than all previous efforts accomplished in the last four centuries. There is now a more widely disseminated knowledge of how the other fellow thinks and lives. Forget the price that was paid in time, money, and resources to gain this advantage, and plan a quick and close follow-up of our recent struggle for democracy, if it is to be a reality and not just a myth.

Color barriers must be torn from their mooring masts and the worth of men be evaluated by their mentality and not their skin. Children must be educated together in order to have mature minds divested of prejudice, inferiority, and superiority complexes. Passengers who pay the same fares must occupy the same accommodations regardless of race. All places catering to the buying public must make their facilities for

service available to all who apply and are in a position to pay for them. Workers must be given employment in whatever capacity they are capable of laboring. They must also be given opportunities for apprenticeships and upgrading without regard for color. All people of legal age must be permitted to vote for the representatives of their choice in the houses of government. And no man should be hanged, burned, or slaughtered for any crime of which he might be suspected or accused without a verdict and sentence reached through due process of law and order.
—From an address to the Rotary Club of Calcutta, India.

Cling to Rotary's Ideal

MAHARAJA SAHEB BAHADUR
Patron of Rotary
Ratlam, India

To a ruler who has done his best for his people for well over half a century it is a matter of genuine satisfaction to witness the moral and material progress of his State and people and to see the citizens of the State rise to the full measure of their responsibilities. We, in Rotary, have accepted as our motto "Service above Self." We do not believe in demanding any rights for ourselves, but we only seek opportunities to perform our duties toward the community. It is therefore in the spirit of service that I am talking to you and I hope and trust that you will do everything in your power to translate that ideal into reality and continue to render service to the Club, the community, the various vocations, and the State.

The most outstanding Object of Rotary which has always had a special appeal for me is the promotion of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service. May I therefore ask you to cling steadfastly to this ideal and never allow yourself to be dragged into narrow dogmas or to be carried away by sectarian slogans. This is the only way to create a better India and a better world for ourselves and our children yet unborn.—From an address to the Rotary Club of Ratlam, India.

Admiral Leahy Was Right

ERNEST BERNBAUM, *Hon. Rotarian*
Educator
Urbana, Illinois

To maintain the will to peace we need a much higher level of general culture and general intelligence. Even our military leaders speak as if they understood that truth. On surrender day Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery said: "We have now to rebuild a new civilization"; and on the same day Fleet Admiral Leahy remarked: "Our true strength is in the power of our purposes and of our way of life." Our purposes, our way of life, our civilization, arise

not out of material things, but out of our intelligence and will, and these are formed and directed by our culture and education.

What we need, even more than a knowledge of things, is an understanding of humanity and human relationships; and this is, I believe, being sought throughout the world with a new fervor. The aim is universal adult self-culture; it is not solely a problem of schools and colleges. We are educated, for better or worse, throughout our lives by newspapers, magazines, and books; by public lectures and libraries; by radio programs and motion pictures; by all our experiences at home or in travel. The world is awakening to the truth that it is crucially necessary, and the concern of everybody, to raise the standard of these mediums of self-culture and civilization.—From a V-J Day address in Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

The Chairman of the Day

ALFONSO JOHNSON, Rotarian
Insurance Underwriter
Dallas, Texas

The chairman of the day is a paradox. ("Paradox," springing from the Greek, is not the singular of "Para-dice," which gallops from the African.) While sitting, he is not a chairman, but when he stands, he is. Neither is he a setter as he sits nor a stander-upper when he arises. He performs somewhat the duties of a piece of punk when we were kids; you will recall that the punk started the fireworks. But if the chair-

man of the day is too punk, we have no fireworks, and if he is too well lit, anything can, and does, happen.

When the president turns the meeting over to the chairman, he does so with a sigh of relief; or just a sigh, period, depending on his faith in the chairman. Heaving a sigh, the president does not become a cipher; certainly naught.

A good program has its high points, its peaks, its mountain tops. Generally the chairman of the day is the valley, but he mustn't be a dip. He is like the platform of a railroad passenger car: of no further use when the train (of thoughts) gets started. If the chairman of the day talks too much, he is criticized for taking up too much time; if he doesn't talk enough, he is accused of not giving the speaker a good sendoff; if the program goes over, the speaker gets the credit; if it is a flop, the chairman takes the blame.

The chairman of the day is chairman for not more than five minutes, but those five minutes can make or break a program; he should at least know the name of the speaker and the subject, but he shouldn't try to make the speech, even if he can do a better job than the scheduled performer. Regardless of how effective he is, the chairman of the day almost always receives sincere applause when he sits down; perhaps it is a vote of confidence. He will appreciate a kind word after the meeting adjourns; he has played an important part in the program. So here's to the chairman of the day; long may he rave.

British Clubs Aid Stricken Finnmark

FRIENDS in need—as the old saying goes—are friends in deed. It was proved again when the Rotary Club of North Shields, England, collected £2,100 to provide relief for the war-stricken people of Norway.

The other Clubs of District 3 couldn't let the effort go unchallenged. Soon practically every Club was holding dances and drives, and collecting funds.

Investigation disclosed that materials rather than money were the first need, for many supplies could not be purchased in Norway. It showed, too, that the Province of Finnmark, up in the Arctic Circle, should be remembered first.

When the invader was driven out of that region by the Russians, he left it a place of utter devastation. All ports and buildings—except seven stone churches—were destroyed, cattle and reindeer were slaughtered, and human existence was next to impossible.

Though the Norwegian Government organized two compulsory evacuations, the people of Finnmark are still trickling back. A fifth of the prewar population (50,



000) is now carrying on the struggle, thanks in part to the help which has been coming from the English Rotarians.

One boat alone recently left for Norway carrying £15,000 worth of goods—ranging from baby's socks to tools for repairing docks, from A.R.P. oilskins for fishermen to workshop repair outfits, and from plows to carpenter's tools.

Thus, ties of international friendship have been knotted tighter.

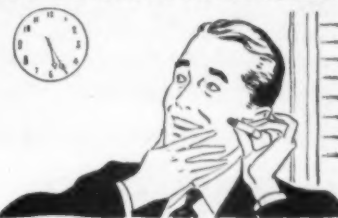
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Positive vs. Negative Things

By George E. Buckley

Rotarian, Perth, Australia

HERE is a list of positive words, followed by my interpretation of their personal application:

Concentration: By placing oneself under the guidance of one's subconscious mind. It knows all you have learned and forgotten.

Peace: Seek it even if others would break it. It takes more than one to make a quarrel.

Poise: Be naturally dignified without arrogance.

Harmony: Preserve it by avoiding negative thoughts, actions, and words.

Goodwill: Have this to all men, even to those you do not like. The reverse is never worth while.

Nonresistance: Ignore as far as possible negativisms of others' making.

Justice: Allow one's subconscious mind (others call it God within one) to define it by constantly placing the conscious mind in subjection.

Freedom: Do nothing which will rob you of this. Above all, do not be a slave to one's negative side in thought, word, or action.

Guidance: Personality—be guided by positive thinking. Guide others by example in deeds, not words.

Wisdom: It is to be one's best self coupled with knowledge acquired at every possible opportunity by life's experiences.

Understanding: Gather jewels of knowledge by studying others—knowledge from books, things, and places. Accumulate these jewels and they will give you understanding. Forget oneself and place oneself in the other fellow's shoes.

Inspiration: To others by example in being just commonly decent. To oneself be true and be always on the lookout for the good in others.

Intelligence: Face facts and be a thinker.

Law and order: By being master of oneself, it is easy to master others by understanding.

Faith: Do not try to believe too much, but make sure of the little you do believe.

Confidence: A man true to himself will never lack confidence. He has nothing to hide.

Spirit: Face the issue at once at whatever cost, then 99 percent of the apparent difficulties will disappear.

Health: To obtain this, keep one's mind and body as clean as one's motor-car.

Strength: Control of mind and body by one's subconscious mind which knows one's strength and would not allow it to be abused.

Energy: Acquire it by being active in mind. The body will not then seek to be lazy.

Activity: Be active by never procrastinating. Do it now.

Power: Dominate. Lead by dominating, not by domineering.

Life: A spiritual thing in men just to the extent that one is spiritually minded. It is possible for man to be animal; only such one will die. If spiritually minded, he never dies.

Youth: Live it and retain it in one's soul. It is folly to be too wise. Be natural and don't hesitate to enjoy the good things of life. It is not a sin to be human.

Success: What is it? I would say happy, efficient service, obtaining sufficient for daily needs with something over for others.

Happiness: By giving happiness to others. By being naturally human. A spot or two. A game or two. With a friend or two.

Alertness: Live on your toes. Wear out, not rust out.

Resourcefulness: Use to the full the stored-up knowledge of the subconscious mind by concentration on one problem at a time to the exclusion of everything else.

Persistency: Never give in if sure you are right. But be sure you are not wrong.

Purpose: The greatest purpose one can have is the desire to be commonly decent in all things without forgetting to be human.

Achievement: The greatest achievement is to get to the stage in life when one becomes true to one's best self in all things.

Mastery: Master of oneself and therefore control over many.

Dominion: Strive to own what one could use as a means of happiness—say, a garden where God is.

Negative things have an ever-decreasing power if confronted by consistent positive things, words, and actions.

Factory for Forgotten Men

[Continued from page 16]

than any similar group of men in the world, and that they also topped the nation's penitentiaries in war production.

Many of them, like Bill Yuhas and Dock Nix, have been freed and gone into business for themselves. Gus Bouquet, for example, opened a show-card shop and painted himself out of debt. Then he enlisted in the Army and at last reports was using his lettering brush for Uncle Sam at a post in Florida. Orville Pine managed the display counter so well for three years that he, too, was paroled and has a similar job in a retail store. Ed Sims, who specialized in doll furniture, became a free man and now runs a successful wood-working shop of his own.

Recently a group of convalescent soldiers and sailors visited San Quentin and returned to their wards with hobby-shop purchases. When officers at the near-by Hamilton Field Army Hospital and Oak Knoll Naval Hospital heard about it, they came to see Duffy.

"We were wondering if your men would like to tell our boys how they make these things," the officers said. "We think that kind of work would help to get them back on their feet sooner."

"I'll ask the fellows," Duffy promised. "And I'm sure they'll do it."

The inmates were enthusiastic and each artisan agreed to outline in detail his trade secrets and techniques. Some 600 inmates contributed information which was passed along to wounded vets, and the hospitals in turn sent their hobby experts to San Quentin for instruction.

Meanwhile, San Quentin's hobby factory has achieved such fame in penology circles that Duffy has been swamped with questions about it from other State prison wardens, and has sent them copies of "Duffy's Folly."

Folly or not, Clinton Duffy knows his new law widened the horizon on an outmoded and narrow perspective, and that it has given hundreds of men an incentive to make good—not just while they are in prison, but for tomorrow, when they start living again as normal citizens. It may be a small thing to some, he says, but that's the way integrity and trust are built. Some cynical wag with a distorted sense of humor asked Duffy one day whether anyone ever swiped anything from the display store.

"Yes," the young warden said with a twinkle, "we've had some things stolen from the counters. But the thieves were visitors, not inmates."

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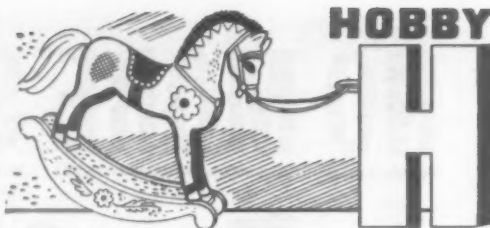


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itching Post

NEVER lose a minute! That could be the watchword of the Rotarian hobbyist whose story is presented this month. He is really wound up with his hobby, and has been devoting time to it since just after the turn of the century.

HARRY W. YASEEN is a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago Heights, Illinois. He's a jeweler by trade and is a past president of the Illinois Jewelers' Association, but the reason you are reading about him here is that he is a collector of fine watches—old and new. His collection, which now numbers more than 350 items, ranks as one of the most outstanding privately owned collections in the United States.

While most collections are housed in museums or kept in private homes, this one is usually on the move. Stuffing his precious timepieces in cigar boxes, ROTARIAN YASEEN takes a part of his collection with him when he talks to Rotary Clubs and other groups, and he gives a bit of the personal history of each timepiece as he displays it.

It is no wonder that his hobby should be business-connected, for watches have fascinated him nearly as long as he can remember. He learned the jeweler's trade as a lad in Europe, making small parts for watch movements under the watchful eye of his father.

ROTARIAN YASEEN believes that he has more fun than most of his jeweler colleagues. To him a business trip is a voyage of discovery which may lead to a quiet but thrilling hour with the gentry of another age—through a new-found watch. Arriving back home with his latest acquisitions (obtained from dusty shops, auctions, family effects, etc.), he takes the treasures to his workbench, where he investigates their charms of master craftsmanship.



TYPICAL of the artistically decorated timekeepers in the Yaseen collection is this model, ornamented even to the watch bow.

Still another thrill comes when he consults written works and learns the history and worth of the items. Then he mounts the watches on soft velvet and records all relevant data.

The first watch in his collection is still the largest—spanning the palm of his hand. His tiniest, the smallest he says he ever encountered, is a gold en-



"TIME is hanging heavy on my hands," quips Rotarian Yaseen, dragging these huge tickers from his pockets. One was his first.

graved ladies' watch which has works thinner than a half dollar. It has an especially built Swiss movement, made for Lapine, a famous old Parisian watchmaker.

There are more spectacular timepieces in the YASEEN collection, however—the repeater watches, for example, which strike the hours and play musicbox melodies. On one, Father Time and an English bellringer move into a proscenium and toll the hours, the 'ringer tapping on Father Time's scythe. On the quarter hours two angels raise their arms and strike chimes.

A watch with a winning personality—HOBBYIST YASEEN says it's his favorite—is a French-made number with a rich cobalt blue case which is encircled with Oriental pearls and has a snowflake of 43 small diamonds flashing from the center. Its hands are of platinum, and the stem (or winder) contains a half-karat diamond.

Another showpiece has a Turkish dial, and, three cases, each for specific occasions. The outer case is of tortoise shell, the inner ones of silver.

Very few of the YASEEN treasures have jeweled movements, for such refinements didn't come until in the 18th Century, and many of his pieces ticked as long as 250 years ago. A century or two ago odd-shaped watches were much in demand—and COLLECTOR YASEEN can demonstrate the point with a well-selected variety of shapes and sizes. One

is beetle shaped, with wings that pop up to disclose the time; another mimics a mandolin (see cut); one might be likened to a flattened golf ball; and he has them with pentagon, square, triangle, and fan-shaped cases. One, resembling a huge ring, was worn with a cravat.

Then he has a remarkable 'keeper' which will do almost anything except predict the weather. A Swiss watch made for the Russian trade, it tells the time in hours, minutes, and seconds; gives the week and month and the moon's position; and also rings or strikes the hours, quarter hours, and minutes.

Among his unusual watches is one made by Archambo which plays two tunes on a carillon of five bells. Another has a balance over three-fourths as large as the plate. Beating seconds, it has a pinwheel escapement.

While his assortment is not one of the most extensive, ROTARIAN YASEEN is concentrating on quality rather than quantity, including a wide range of specimens from the early days of watch-making to comparatively recent times. Some are work of the finest craftsmen in France, Switzerland, and England.

What's Your Hobby?

Are you a collector? Or do you have other hobby interests which you'd like to share? Just drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM, and one of these months your name will appear below. He requires that you be either a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, and requests that you respond to any mail which you may receive as a result of the listing.

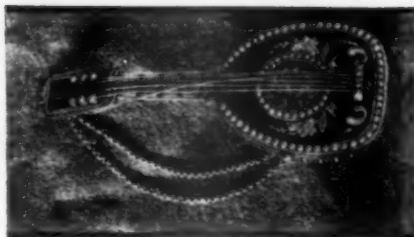
Pen Pals: Winifred Tabb (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals aged 13-16, especially from China or Far East; interested in chess and reading), 3410 Chateau, Waco, Tex., U.S.A.

Cards; Horses: Irene Habernickel (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects cards; also interested in horses), 461 E. 40th St., Paterson 4, N. J., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Nancy Campbell (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in Spanish-speaking countries; will write in Spanish), 1234 Park Blvd., Rushville, Ind., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Janet Reinke (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with girls named "Janet"; also wishes to correspond with young people of same age outside U.S.A.), 212 N. W. 7th St., Faribault, Minn., U.S.A.

Firearms: Everett W. Saggus (collects antique and modern firearms; will trade



NOT TUNEFUL, but timely, this watch has tiny golden strings, is decorated with an outline band of pearls, has a small movement.

with, buy from, or sell to any Rotarian anywhere), 11½ N. McIntosh St., Elberton, Ga., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Polly-Ann Usher (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals aged 11-12; collects souvenirs of various towns), R.R. No. 1, Bennettsville, S. C., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: George Madgwick (14-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys in all countries; interested in model airplanes and racing cars), 8 King St., Singleton, Australia.

Pen Pals: Sue Jordan (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with other young people aged 15-17), 122 Windham St., Willimantic, Conn., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: John C. Kuller, Jr. (son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with someone in Mexico or U.S.A. interested in sports, music, aviation, boating), Prattsburg, N. Y., U.S.A.

Horses; Movie Stars: Betty Ruth Deans (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects pictures of horses and movie stars; wishes to correspond with others similarly interested), R.F.D. No. 2, Allendale, N. J., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Mary Jane Millett (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with other youths likewise interested in music, sports, and books), 16 Dalton St., Waterville, Me., U.S.A.

Pen Friends: Joan N. Thomas (26-year-old sister of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with others interested in international friendship and current affairs; has recently arrived in Bermuda from England), Boaz Island, Bermuda.

Stamps: Brenda Twomey (19-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps, especially war and postwar issues; will exchange with young people of same age), P. O. Box 323, Krugersdorp, South Africa.

Coins: Owen R. Stagmer, Jr. (18-year-old son of Rotarian—collects coins, especially current American; wishes to exchange some minted in Philadelphia for those minted in San Francisco, Denver, and New Orleans), 108 Newberg Ave., Baltimore 28, Catonsville, Md., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Diane D'Arcy (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond in French or English with young people aged 16 or over), Dal-iti Rd., Timaru, New Zealand.

Church Bulletins: Mrs. Herbert C. Gahart (wife of Rotarian—collects new and old issues of church bulletins of all denominations), Williamsburg, Ky., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



A STUDY in contrasts. The "wafer" watch at the left is not much thicker than a nickel, while the ponderous "three-decker" ticker at the right would make anyone's pocket bulge.



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My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following "favorite" is contributed by Mrs. Clayton A. Palmer, wife of a member of the Rotary Club of Monticello, Iowa.

Old man Brown made every moment pay on his big farm. One fine haying day he fell into the cistern and his wife, hearing the splash, came running. Poking her head over the rim she yelled, "That you, Arthur?"

"Yup," came the answer. "I just fell in."

"Just hold yer hosses!" said his wife. "I'll ring the dinner bell and get the hired men from the field to pull you out."

"What time be it, Mary?" came the gruff voice of her husband.

"Just 11:30."

"No, Mary, don't ring the bell yet. Water's cool and not so bad. I'll just swim around till dinner time."

Let's Rest, Shall We?

Here lies a jitterbug;
Young; expired.
Ain't gone to heaven yet—
Too darned tired.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Indian Enigma

Find this thing which was very important to Indians living in North America:

My first is in water, and also in flow,
My second in windstorm, but never in blow.

My third is in groundhog, but never in deer.

My fourth is in arrow, but never in spear.

My fifth in canoe, and is also in lake,
My sixth is in snowstorm, but never in flake.

My whole was a thing used by Indians each day;

'Twas pointed and rounded and cone shaped and gray.

This puzzle was submitted by Mrs. C. W. Hudelson, wife of a Bloomington, Illinois, Rotarian.

By the People?

It's only "by the people" if the government is a democracy, which is No. 1 in the following quiz and which should be followed by (c). There are nine other forms of government represented.

Match them with their respective definitions at the right.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. Democracy. | (a) An ideal or utopian form of government. |
| 2. Bureaucracy. | (b) Government by women. |
| 3. Plutocracy. | (c) Government by the people. |
| 4. Timocracy. | (d) Absolute government. |
| 5. Hierocracy. | (e) Government by State departments. |
| 6. Ochlocracy. | (f) Government by the wealthy class. |
| 7. Physiocracy. | (g) Government according to distribution of property. |
| 8. Autocracy. | (h) Government by ecclesiastics. |
| 9. Gynaecocracy. | (i) Government by the mob or lower class. |
| 10. Pantisocracy. | (j) Government according to natural order. |

This puzzle was submitted by Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Arkansas.

The answers to the above puzzles will be found on the next page.

Social Rating

Milady's place in the social
Scale, I would cautiously note,
Is often and largely determined
By the character of her coat.
In the most exclusive of circles
The fur that she wears is her worth,
It's patently clear almost any year
That the mink inherit the earth.

—ROTARIAN DOW RICHARDSON

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Caught Red-Handed

Wife: "Let me see that letter you've just opened. I can see from the handwriting it's from a woman and you turned pale when you read it."

Husband: "You can have it. It's from your milliner."—The Catalina Islander.

The Dud

For months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had screwed up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages in being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being—a being who will regard one as perfect;

whom one can treat as one's absolute property; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joy and sorrows—"

To his delight he saw a sympathetic light in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

"So you're thinking of buying a dog?" she said. "I think it's a fine idea. Do let me help you choose one!"
—*Tit-Bits*.

Just a Minute, Please

"Perkins, Parkins, Peckham, and Potts—good morning."

"I want to speak with Mr. Perkins."

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham, of Pincham, Pettam, Poppum, and Pogg."

"Just one moment, please, I'll connect you with Mr. Perkins' office."

"Hello, Mr. Perkins' office."

"I want to speak to Mr. Perkins."

"Mr. Perkins? I'll see if he's in. Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham."

"Just one moment, Mr. Pincham. Here's Mr. Perkins. Put Mr. Pincham on, please."

"Just one moment, please. I have Mr. Pincham right here. Okeh with Perkins, Parkins, Peckham, and Potts, Mr. Pincham. Go ahead."

"Lo, Joe? How's about lunch?"

"Okeh."—*Rotary Hub*, HORNEL, NEW YORK.

Partially Worth While

"Is your son's college education of any real value?"

"Yes, indeed. It has cured his mother of bragging about him."—*Rotary Talk*, HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

Efficiency

While waiting at a suburban station a traveller was surprised to see the stationmaster lining up all the porters along the edge of the platform.

Presently a nonstop, main-line train thundered through the station. As the carriages came abreast of the line of porters, the traveller caught a glimpse of a well-dressed man leaning out of a carriage window with a notebook and pencil in his hands.

After the train had gone through, the traveller turned to one of the porters.



"GUESS we better go home, son. I guess they've stopped biting."

"Was that one of the company's directors in that train?" he asked.

"Why, no, sir," the porter replied. "The man leaning out of the carriage was the company's tailor; he was measuring us for new uniforms."—*Answers*.

All Alone?

Maybe the other members of the family have gone to a movie—and you're all alone. Why not, then, read the unfinished limerick below, think up a last line or two, and mail it or them to *The Fixer*, in care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois? If one of yours is selected among the "best ten," you will receive \$2. The closing date for all entries is October 1.—*Gears Editors*.

FEW MISS FREW

*We're thankful we've lost old Frank Frew,
For years he's kept us in a stew.*

His help? It was lousy!

His voice? It was frowzy!

If you need a rhyme word or two, you may want to consider: blew, chew, clue, cue, drew, grew, knew, new, rue, true, view, yew—and many another.

Bright Llight

In *THE ROTARIAN* for May appeared the following unfinished limerick:

*In case you need help call on Llight,
For we know what he does he does right.*

Some coin for the park?

A bus for a lark?

Recall it? Many readers will, for they sent in their contributions by the scores and now await the results as they are affixed to the board by *The Fixer*. After due consideration, he has come up with these winners, each of which will bring \$2 to its contributor:

Light shines like a beam in the night.

(Mrs. Parker Mosley, wife of a Barnesville, Georgia, Rotarian.)

There's naught about Llight that is tight.

(Ernest P. Conlon, member of the Rotary Club of Lebanon, New Hampshire.)

To cight Llight should make shirkers contright.

(Mrs. Francis H. Gott, wife of a Pittsford, New York, Rotarian.)

He's a sure bet in any man's plight.

(Mrs. Ada V. Hatch, Abington, Massachusetts.)

On few does old Llight put the bite.

(Mrs. Charles C. Dickerson, Boise, Idaho.)

Count on Llight if it's much or a mite.

(Grace M. Cook, Parsons, Kansas.)

He says, "Yes, I will!"—not, "I might."

(Alfred F. Parker, member of the Rotary Club of Portland, Oregon.)

Just notify him and sit tight!

(Mrs. B. W. Simmons, wife of an Opp, Alabama, Rotarian.)

He'd not tell you to go fly a kite.

(Marie Mortensen, daughter of a Crystal City, Texas, Rotarian.)

Name your wants, he'll produce and delight.

(H. Sherman Mitchell, member of the Rotary Club of Walla Walla, Washington.)

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

INDIAN ENIGMA: Wigwam.

BY THE PEOPLE? 1. (c). 2. (e). 3. (f). 4. (g). 5. (h). 6. (i). 7. (j). 8. (d). 9. (b). 10. (a).



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The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Last Page Comment

IT WAS JUST a year ago on the 6th day of this month that the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima—to kill or maim thousands of persons and to set off perhaps the longest chain of moral, political, and scientific argument ever accorded a single subject. And the discussion touched off by the recent Bikini Atoll experiment (which cost 70 million dollars) was very nearly as loud as the boom itself. It is refreshing to note that, during all this, men have been quietly at work on ways to put the force to more prosaic uses. The United Press recently reported that a Harvard medical-research man claims he is able to remove hyperthyroid goiters with radioactive iodine therapy through X-ray treatment—without operation or hospitalization. If that is all it seems to be, it's good news—but we gather from Dr. Zirkle's article on page 29 that most applications will come much slower. Any man who hopes to see atomic energy cure cancer, power automobiles, and fry eggs had better take good care of his health.

IT WAS JUST a year ago on the 15th day of this month that World War II—the shooting part of it, at least—came to an end. Through all the confusions and exasperations and sufferings of the 12 months the conviction has grown that, as United States Secretary of State James F. Byrnes put it, "There must be one world for all of us or there will be no world for any of us."

"A GREAT MISTAKE those people [at Versailles] made," observed T. J. Rees, of Swansea, Wales, in a speech near the close of Rotary's Atlantic City Convention, "was to regard their task as merely a political one and

one of boundaries. They forgot the social and economic problems, which gloomed over the whole world at that time and which are really the key to peace and war." We like to think that we are not repeating that mistake. To assure due attention to social and economic problems, we had the architects of the United Nations set up a body known as the Economic and Social Council. That organ met in New York City—and Wal-

Confucius Says

A SUPERIOR man is a humble man; to a superior man every third person is a teacher.

—Quoted by C. T. WANG, Second Vice-President of RI in 1945-46, at the Atlantic City Convention.

ter D. Head, who was present as Rotary's "observer," says elsewhere in these pages that while we needn't expect miracles, we can be encouraged.

WHEN WE TALK of understanding—and Rotarians have been talking of it and actively promoting it for 40 years—we are touching upon the deepest-seated need of this postwar world. With it we can build a peace that will last. Without it—well, the merest schoolboy knows what we will get. Lord Inverchapel, new Ambassador from Britain to the United States, held a press conference in Washington, D. C., the other day and, because he'd spent four years in Russia on a like assignment, correspondents peppered him with questions about that huge land. The only way out of the impasses that develop in relations with Russia is to "keep trying," he said. "We have differing psychologies—we don't know

each other." The exchange of university professors and students would help achieve the needed understanding, the Ambassador suggested. Britain had made such a proposal 18 months before, but no definite answer had yet come from Russia.

THE FOREGOING will remind those who attended Rotary's 1946 Convention of things they heard in a talk by H. Raymond King, another Briton. An educator, Rotarian King told of Rotary-sponsored youth camps and school-sponsored exchange plans which, in the years before the war, exposed hundreds of youths of Germany, Austria, Sweden, Britain, and other countries to other peoples and cultures. Now this splendid "system of personal and public relations," as he called it, is being revived. If "wars begin in the minds of men," this is a logical place to start stopping them.

ROTARY IS NOW well into what should prove a year of great progress . . . for the 12 months just passed carried the movement through the deeper chuckholes on the road out from war. No small part of the credit goes to T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, England, who served as international President during that period. As his own Board phrased it in a statement of appreciation to him: "You have said that part of Rotary's great task in the time to come is that of path-finding: to that end you have this year led the way in blazing the trail with your inspiring leadership, your deep insight, your unceasing devotion to making goodwill toward all men a living reality." Rotarians everywhere join in saying: "Well done, Tom!"

"WHEN YOU ARE 20 and are not a revolutionary, something is wrong with your heart; when you are 50 and still are a revolutionary, something is wrong with your head." The French statesman Barrère said it . . . and it seems worth passing along. It helps a man understand his offspring—and maybe even himself.

—your Editor

*"Inquiries from THE ROTARIAN
and REVISTA ROTARIA
are, without exception,
productive . . ."*

says

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Vice President
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Management's-eye-view of the Santa Fe



View from fireman's seat inside cab of one of Santa Fe's great fleet of Diesel locomotives. Engineer sits at right.

Many of the fine things you are enjoying and are about to enjoy on the Santa Fe are the direct result of riding the line rather than riding an office chair.

You can see more railroad from the cab of a locomotive than you can from a typewritten report. It all goes to prove that foresight is better than hindsight.

That's why you so often find the top executives of Santa Fe at the "head-end" of Santa Fe trains. They ride in front by desire and by design to see what lies ahead.

The modern railroad executive, who has grown up with tracks and trains and who has spent a large part of his life in railroading, looks at a section of track not in terms of ties and rails but in terms of the possible improvements for better service to shippers and passengers.

Coupling long experience with mature vision, he translates new ideas into action with immediate decision which is both practical and timely.

This practical "Management's-eye-view" has led to the straightening of curves, improved roadbeds, new bridges and many other things which pay off in terms of better service for both passengers and shippers. It has led also to improvements of design and handling in the locomotives themselves.

From time to time during the next few months, Santa Fe will announce a number of new features improving its service and equipment. Watch for them.

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